

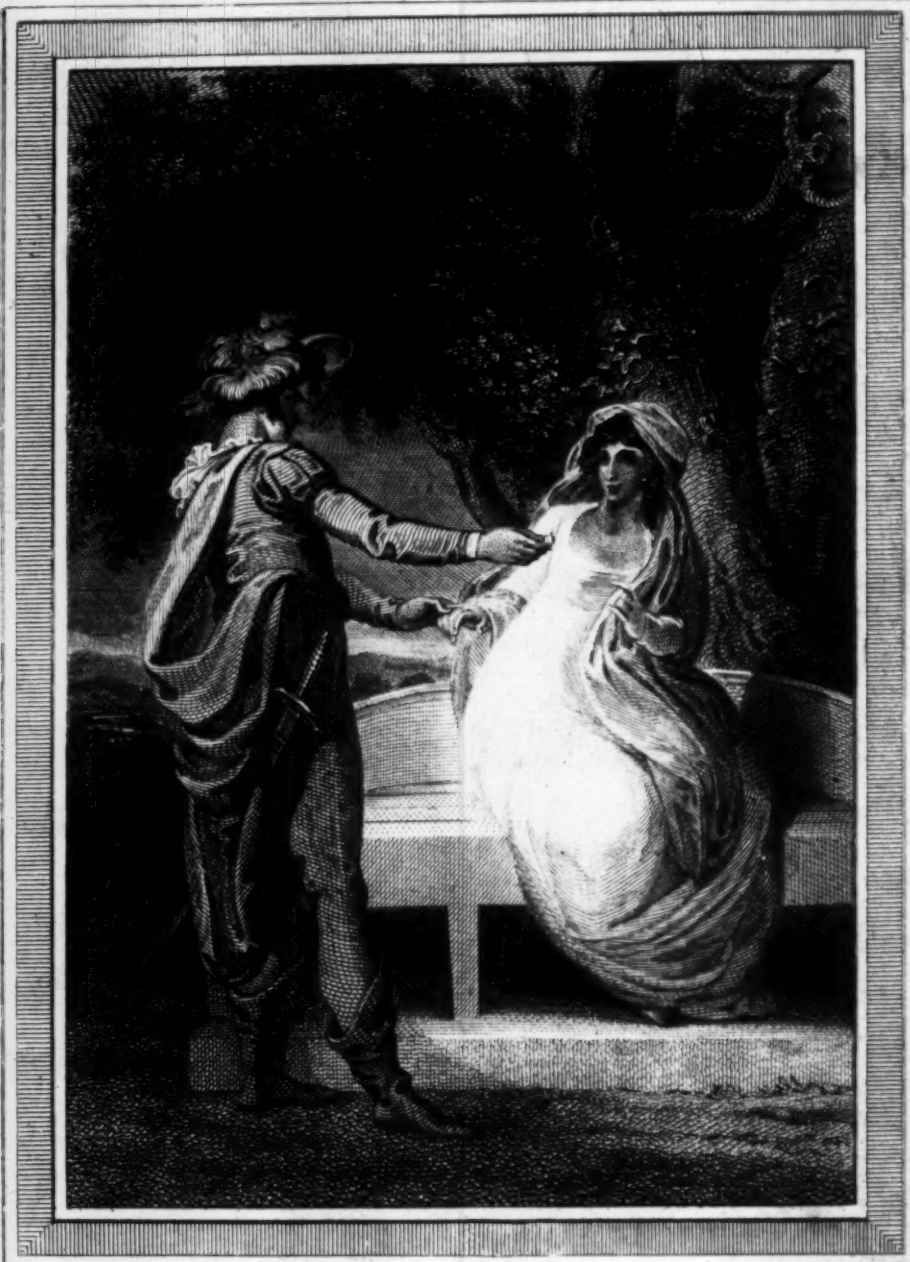
J. H. P. 1799

Published as the Act directs. August. 1. 1799.

Wagie No 5

*Take it — take it, beloved Seducer, I with it my most sacred —
my all — my Charles. —*

Robbers, Act 4. Scene 12.



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THE
ROBBERS:

A
TRAGEDY.

BY
FREDERICK SCHILLER.

(J. C. F. von)

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN
BY THE
REV. W. RENDER,
TEACHER OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON:
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1799.

NO. 2.

FREDERICK SCHMIDT

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5. 10.
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THE H. D. SYMONS COLLECTION, FORMERLY OF THE HON. R. SYMONS, ESQ.
EXHIBITED IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAXIMILIAN, reigning Count Moor.

CHARLES, } His sons.
FRANCIS, }

AMELIA, his niece.

SPIEGELBERG, }

SCHWEIZER, }

GRIMM, }

SCHUFTERLE, }

ROLLER, }

RAZMAN, }

KOSINSKY. }

Libertines, afterwards Banditti *.

HERMAN, Bastard of a Nobleman.

A MESSENGER from the Magistrate.

DANIEL, an old Servant of Count Moor's.

SERVANTS, ROBBERS.

* The names of the Banditti were chosen by Mr. Schiller to convey some idea of their real characters.

SCENE, *Germany.*

The time of the action of the Play is in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, (grandfather of Charles V.) in the beginning of the sixteenth century. This Emperor first established the Imperial Diet, which concluded a general peace between all the various States that compose the Germanic Empire. Before that time, the nobility and gentry were continually at war with each other; the strongest imagining himself at liberty, whenever he pleased, to attack the weakest, and commit outrage and depredation with impunity.

ERRATUM.

Page 8. Last line, for *Tich entacufem* read *Sich entäufem*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE numerous obscurities which occur in the Tragedies of Mr. Schiller, arising from the peculiarities of the German Idiom, and from that energy of expression for which he is so remarkable, have many of them been misunderstood, or insufficiently explained, even by the natives of Germany, and would have effectually deterred me from so arduous an undertaking as a Translation of **THE ROBBERS**, had I not for the last six years been in the habit of stating and explaining these difficulties to many learned men in this country; and had I not another important advantage, that is, the assistance of some of the first English scholars, towards putting the present Translation into a completely English dress.

Mr. Schiller's Play of **THE ROBBERS** has been several times translated into English, but the Translations have been so very imperfectly

perfectly executed, and have exhibited their original in so mutilated a state, as scarcely to leave a shadow of resemblance between them and the original. Former Translators have not only left unexplained the most obscure passages, but have sometimes gone so far as to omit whole characters and scenes, while their language, instead of representing the sublime dignity of Schiller, either rises into bombast, or dwindles into puerility. .

For these reasons, a faithful Translation of THE ROBBERS seemed to me much wanting; and the very favourable reception of my former Translation of *Count Benyowsky*, of which a second edition has lately appeared—added to the solicitations of a great number of my friends, has induced me once more to call upon the attention of the Public, and I persuade myself that the present attempt will be found still more worthy of their favour.

In the Notes which I have added, I have endeavoured to explain obscurities which occur in the original.

✓ As it is my intention to present the Public with a literal Translation, I have been particularly careful to adhere as closely as possible

sible to the style and language of Schiller, and not to change any of the expressions of the original, if I could any way avoid it. Many of these may appear rather harsh to an English ear; and though there are some which, however beautiful and striking they may be in the original, cannot but lose much of their spirit in a translation; I have always endeavoured, with the most scrupulous exactness, to give the precise meaning of every word and phrase, and have adopted such expressions as seemed to accord best with the genius of the German language.

The Tragedy of THE ROBBERS is the *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Schiller, and perhaps the most excellent work of that kind known in Germany.

The language is *bold* and *energetic*, highly impassionate, and adapted in every respect to express all that sublimity of sentiment which it is meant to convey.

It appeals equally to the two master emotions of the heart, *terror* and *pity*; and the conflict of the passions is so strong and varied, that the mind of the reader never reposes for a moment.

We feel alternately the sensation of *abhorrence, anxiety, terror, compassion, and admiration.*

The character of *Charles Moor*, the hero of the piece, is drawn in a manner that approaches as near to perfection as possible. Believing himself an instrument of vengeance in the hand of the Almighty, for the punishment of the crimes of his fellow-creatures, he feels a kind of mournful satisfaction in fulfilling his dreadful mission, considering himself compelled to act as he does. The reputation of this dramatic Work is universally established, and all my readers will agree with me in the assertion, that there are few productions superior to it. We admire, but not without surprize and horror. We stand upon the precipice with a mixture of astonishment and delight, we shudder while we gaze around us.

THE
ROBBERS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Franconia. An Apartment in the Castle of Count Moor.

FRANCIS, AND THE OLD COUNT MOOR.

FRANCIS.

BUT are you really well, father! you look so pale.

OLD MOOR.

Quite well, my son.—What hadst thou to say to me?

FRANCIS.

The post is arrived. A letter from our correspondent at Leipzig——

B

OLD

OLD MOOR. [*Eagerly.*]

Any account of my son Charles?

FRANCIS.

Hem! hem!—Why, yes. But I fear—if you are ill—or are in the least danger of being so—let me—I will speak to you at a more convenient time. [*Half aside.*] These are no tidings for a feeble frame!

OLD MOOR.

Gracious heaven! What am I to hear?

FRANCIS.

First let me retire a moment, to shed a tear of compassion for my lost brother—I should be silent for ever—since he is your son—and I should for ever hide his infamy—since he is my brother; but to obey you is my first melancholy duty.—Forgive me then.

OLD MOOR.

Oh, Charles! Charles! Didst thou but know how thy conduct racks thy father's heart! That one single good account from thee would add ten years to my life—whilst now, alas! every one I receive forces me a step nearer to the grave!

FRANCIS.

Is it so, old man, then farewell—We will not to-day *mourn* * over your grave—

* Literally, "*tear our hair.*" This idiom is very common in Germany to express affliction: as,
She tore her hair with all fury imaginable, &c.

OLD MOOR.

Stop—there is but one short step to take—
let him have his will. [*Sitting down.*] “The sins
“of the fathers are visited unto the third and
“fourth generation.”—Be it so.

FRANCIS.

[*Takes the letter out of his pocket.*]

You know our correspondent's hand-writing.
Look! This finger of my right hand would I
forfeit, dared I but to say he is a liar, a base and
slandrous liar.—Be firm! You will pardon me
if I do not suffer you to read the letter yourself—
indeed you cannot—must not hear all.

OLD MOOR.

All, all—My son, thou but sparest me the
crutches*.

FRANCIS. [*Reads.*]

“Leipzick, the 1st of May.

“Your brother seems now to have filled up
“the measure of his infamy; I at least know
“none beyond that which he really has reached,
“but his genius may go beyond mine.—Yester-
“day at midnight he took the heroic resolution,
“after having contracted debts to the amount of
“forty thousand ducats”—(A pretty sum for
pocket money, father;) “And after having

* “*Thou but sparest me the crutches.*” That is: The contents
of the letter will bring me down to the grave immediately; so
that I shall not live long enough to be in need of crutches.

“ dishonoured the daughter of a rich banker
 “ here, and mortally wounded her lover in a
 “ duel, a gallant youth of rank, to fly from the
 “ arm of justice, with seven others, whom he
 “ had corrupted with his beastly debauchery*.”—
 Father! for heaven’s sake, father! what is the
 matter with you?

OLD MOOR.

It is enough.—Read no more, my son!

FRANCIS.

I will spare you.—“ Warrants have been sent
 “ after him to apprehend him;—the injured cry
 “ aloud for satisfaction;—a price is set upon
 “ his head—the name of Moor”——No! my
 wretched lips shall no longer murder a father.
 [*Tears the letter.*] Believe it not, father! Believe
 not a syllable of it!

OLD MOOR.

My name! my spotless name!

FRANCIS.

Oh, that he had never borne the name of
 Moor! That my heart beat not so warmly for
 him! This blind misplaced affection, which I
 cannot extinguish, becomes a crime for which I
 must certainly one day answer at the judgment-
 seat of heaven.

* Beastly debauchery—Literally, “*Carion life*.” Thus, in
 Shakespeare’s *Julius Cæsar*, act iii. scene 1. *We find not this*
foul deed which smells about the earth with carion men.

OLD MOOR.

Oh, my prospects! my golden dreams!

FRANCIS.

That I knew well. That is, indeed, what I always said. "The fiery spirit which blazes forth
" in the boy," you used to say, "which makes
" him so sensible to every charm of greatness and
" of excellence; that frankness, which displays
" his whole soul in his eyes; that tenderness of
" feeling; that manly spirit; that youthful ardour;
" that undaunted boldness, and all the
" noble brilliant virtues which blossom in this
" darling son, will one day make him the delight
" of his friends, the pride of his country, the
" hero—the truly great man"—See, now, father! This ardent spirit has displayed itself, has expanded, and produced its excellent fruits. Behold this openness, how charmingly it has moulded itself into audacity; behold this softness, how tenderly it woos a harlot, how sensible it is to the charms of a Phryne! Behold this brilliant genius, how entirely it has burnt out the oil of life in the little space of six short years, so that he crawls about a ghastly skeleton, and yet people are so shameless as to say, it is merely the effect of debauchery, and that he is a martyr to love! Oh! behold this keen enterprising head, how it forms and executes plans, before which the heroic deeds of a Cartouche
vanish

vanish. But when this precious blossom has arrived at full maturity! (for what can we expect perfect from such a tender age?) Perhaps, father! you may yet live to enjoy the happiness of beholding him at the head of an armed band, residing in the hallowed silence of the forests, and waiting to lighten the weary traveller of half his burden. Perhaps, ere you go down to the grave, you may make a pilgrimage to a monument of his own erecting between heaven and earth.—Perhaps—Oh, father!—father—father—seek some other name, or the very boys and the bawling traders of our streets, who have seen the portrait of your noble son in the market-place at Leipzick, will point at you with their fingers.

OLD MOOR.

And thou too, my Francis! thou too? Oh, my children! how well you aim at my heart!

FRANCIS.

You see, I also can be witty; but my wit is a scorpion's sting.—And as for that insipid—that every-day creature—the cold, lifeless, shy Francis, and all the other pretty epithets which the contrast between him and me suggested to you, when he was sitting upon your lap, or playfully pinching you on your cheeks, he will one day die within the borders of his own ground, will moulder away and be forgotten; whilst the fame of this universal genius shall resound from pole to pole

pole—Ha! This cold, insipid, senseless Francis, with uplifted hands, thanks heaven that he is not like him!

OLD MOOR.

Forgive me, my child; be not angry with a father, who finds himself deceived in his expectations. That God, who has ordained that I should shed these tears through Charles, has likewise ordained thee, my Francis, to wipe them away.

FRANCIS.

Yes, father! He will wipe them from your eyes. Your Francis will sacrifice his life to prolong yours. You are the oracle to whom I shall apply for counsel in all my undertakings; the mirror in which I contemplate every thing. No duty is so sacred but I would willingly break it, if the violation of it might conduce to the preservation of your precious life. Do you not believe me, father?

OLD MOOR.

Thou hast still great duties incumbent on thee, my son. God blefs thee for what thou hast been, and for what thou wilt be to me!

FRANCIS.

Now tell me, frankly, if you could not call this son yours, should you not be a happy man?

OLD MOOR.

Silence! oh silence! When the midwife first gave him to my arms, I lifted him up towards heaven,

heaven, and exclaimed, Am I not a happy man!

FRANCIS.

You said so; but have you found it so? You envy the meanest of your slaves, because he is not the father of him. You will have sorrow as long as you have this son. This sorrow will grow with Charles, this sorrow will undermine your life.

OLD MOOR.

Oh! he has already made me a man of eighty.

FRANCIS.

Now—if you would rid yourself * of this son?

OLD MOOR.

[Starting up.]

Francis! Francis! What sayst thou? Wouldst thou I should curse my son?

FRANCIS.

Not so! not so! You shall not curse your son. Whom do you call your son? Him to whom you have given life, while he does every thing to shorten yours?

OLD MOOR.

An unfeeling child! Yet still he is my child! Still he is my child!

* *Rid yourself.* Francis took care not to use the word "curse;" but his father understood this ambiguous expression. The original is, *Tich entacufen.*

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

A most amiable precious child, whose perpetual study it is to have no father. Oh! that you might learn to distinguish, that the scales might fall from your eyes! But your indulgence must rivet him to his debauchery: your support must give it a sanction. You will perhaps take the curse from his head; but upon you, father! upon you will the curse of condemnation fall.

OLD MOOR.

Just! very just!—Mine, mine alone is all the guilt.

FRANCIS.

How many thousands, who have drenched themselves with the cup of debauchery, have been reclaimed by sufferings? And is not the bodily pain, which accompanies every excess, an indication of the divine will? Should man prevent it by his cruel tenderness? Shall the father destroy, to all eternity, the pledge entrusted to him? Consider, father! if you should give him up for some time a prey to his misery, must he not either change and amend his conduct, or remain incorrigible even in the great school of adversity? And then, woe to the father who renders useless the decrees of consummate wisdom by his indulgence!—Well, father?

OLD

OLD MOOR.

I will write to him, that I withdraw my protection from him.

FRANCIS.

In that you will act properly and prudently.

OLD MOOR.

That he shall never more appear before me.

FRANCIS.

That will have a salutary effect.

OLD MOOR. [*Tenderly.*]

Till he becomes a different man from what he is.

FRANCIS.

Very right, very right; but if he should come with the usual pretence of the hypocrite, implore your compassion, wheedle you out of your pardon, and go to-morrow and laugh at your weakness in the arms of his strumpets!—No, father! He will return of his own accord, as soon as his conscience shall have awakened him.

OLD MOOR.

I will write to him then this moment. [*Going.*]

FRANCIS.

Stop! One word more, father! Your anger, I fear, might draw too harsh expressions from your pen, expressions which would cleave his heart asunder. Besides, do you not think he might interpret it already as a pardon, that you still esteem

esteem him worthy of a letter written by your own hand? For that reason, it would be better to let me write to him.

OLD MOOR.

Do my son.—Ah! it would indeed have broken my heart to have written to him.

FRANCIS. [*Suddenly.*]

Do you consent?

OLD MOOR.

Write to him, that I have shed * a thousand tears of blood—have passed † a thousand sleepless nights—but do not drive my son to despair.

FRANCIS.

Will you not lie down upon the bed, father? You are very much affected.

OLD MOOR.

Write to him, that his father's heart—I tell thee, drive not my son to despair.

[*Exit sorrowfully.*]

FRANCIS.

[*Follows him with looks of mockery.*]

Be comforted, old dotard!—You never will press him more to thy bosom! The way to it is barred against him.—You are separated, as heaven is from hell. He was torn from thy arms, before thou knewest it was possible thou ever

* *Have shed.* In the original this expression is left out, to make the sense stronger.

† *Have passed.* This expression is also omitted in the original.

couldst have desired it.—I must, however, gather up these scraps of paper. How easily might my hand-writing be known? [*He gathers up all the scraps of the letter which he had torn.*] I should be a miserable bungler, indeed, if I could not, after having brought the affair thus far, tear a son from the heart of a father, even though he were rivitted to it with iron bands.—Courage, Francis! The darling is gone! A giant step towards the goal!—And from *her* heart too I must eradicate this Charles, even should the heart follow. [*Walking backwards and forwards hastily.*] * I have a great right to quarrel with nature, and by my honour I will make her my debtor. Why burden me with this mass of deformity? Why so rigidly bestow it upon me alone? [*Stamping upon the ground.*] Death and destruction! why on me alone? No otherwise than if she had put a stop to the formation of men at my birth!—She conspired against me in the very hour of my conception. Well, then! thus do I now conspire against her for ever.—I will destroy her most beautiful works, as I cannot claim any relationship to them.—I will tear asunder the union of souls, since I am excluded from it.

* A similar passage to this appears in Shakespeare's third part of Henry the Sixth, where Gloster addresses the dying King—Act V. Scene 6th.

"I that have neither pity, love, nor fear," &c. &c.

She

She has denied to me the delightful play of the heart, the all-persuasive eloquence of love.— Thus then will I extort my wishes with despotic violence ; thus will I extirpate all those who set a restraint upon me, since I am not lord.

SCENE II.

AMELIA *approaches slowly from the Apartments in the back of the Stage.*

FRANCIS.

She comes ! Aha ! my phyfic works !—I perceive it by her bold step, I love her not—but I will never suffer another to enjoy so many charms. They shall find their grave in my arms, and shall have blossomed for no one else. Ha ! see there ! What is she doing ?

AMELIA.

[*Without having observed him, has torn a nosegay, and treads it under her feet.*]

FRANCIS.

[*Approaches nearer with a malicious smile.*]

For what must these poor violets suffer this ? *

* Literally, " *Why must the poor violets bathe it out !*" This is a German phrase, and means, *To suffer for a misdeed.*

AMELIA.

[Shrinks back, and views him from head to foot.]

Thou here? Welcome! I wished to have thee here alone?—Thee, of all in the wide creation!

FRANCIS.

Fortunate! fortunate! And am I then, alone, in all the wide creation, every thing to you?

AMELIA.

Thou! thou alone—with eager impatience I have panted for the sight of thee! Stay, I conjure thee! I feel relief when I can pour forth my bitter invectives to thy face, vile poisoner!

FRANCIS.

Am I thus received!—Child, you are mistaken in your man; go to my father.

AMELIA.

Father—Ha! a father, who gives up his son to despair! At home, he pampers himself with delicious and costly wines, and indulges his palsied limbs on cushions of down, while his great and noble son is starving!—Shame upon you, barbarians! Shame upon you, poisonous serpents, you are disgraceful to humanity!—his only son!

FRANCIS.

I thought that he had two sons.

AMELIA.

Yes, he deserves to have many such as thou art. Upon his death-bed will he in vain stretch forth his feeble hands towards Charles, and shudder-
ing

ing shall he recoil, when he catches the ice-cold hand of his Francis. Oh! it is sweet, it is divinely sweet, to be cursed by a father!

FRANCIS.

You are raving, my love; you are to be pitied.

AMELIA.

Oh! I entreat thee—Dost thou pity thy brother?—No, monster, thou hatest him! Dost thou not also hate me?

FRANCIS.

I love you as myself, Amelia!

AMELIA.

If thou lovest me, can'st thou well refuse me one request?

FRANCIS.

None, none! if it is not more than my life.

AMELIA.

Oh! if that is all! A request which thou so easily, so willingly can'st fulfil—[*Proudly*—Hate me. I should be crimson as fire with shame, when I think on Charles, should I believe, for a moment, that thou didst not hate me? Wilt thou promise now to hate me? Thou wilt not! Be gone then, and leave me.

FRANCIS.

Enchanting dreamer! How astonished am I at thy tender impassioned heart. [*pointing to her bosom.*] There, there, Charles reigned like a divinity in his temple, Charles stood before thee when

when awake ; Charles was the only object of thy dreams, the whole creation seemed to thee to be absorbed in him alone, in him alone to be reflected, and to re-echo to thee him alone.

AMELIA.

[*With emotion.*]

Yes, indeed, I confess it. In despite of you, ye barbarians, will I confess it before all the world—I love him?

FRANCIS.

Inhuman, dreadful!—Thus to recompence such love ! To forget her who—

AMELIA.

[*Starting up.*]

What ! forget me ?

FRANCIS.

Did you not put a ring upon his finger ? A diamond ring, as a pledge of your faith !—But, indeed, how can a youth resist the charms of a strumpet ? Who will blame him for it, when he had nothing else left to give away—And did not she pay him for it with interest by her caresses, her embraces ?

AMELIA.

[*Impatiently.*]

My ring to a strumpet ?

FRANCIS.

Fie, fie ! that is shameful. But well, if it was only that !—A ring, be it as valuable as it may,
is

is to be bought by every Jew on earth—Perhaps the workmanship of it may not have pleased him—perhaps he got a handsomer one in exchange for it.

AMELIA. [*Warmly.*]

But my ring—I say my own ring?

FRANCIS.

No other, Amelia—Ha! such a jewel! and on my finger!—and from Amelia!—Death itself should not have torn it off—Is it not so, Amelia? It is not the richness of the diamond, nor the beauty of the device—love constitutes its value—Dearest child, you weep! Woe to him who draws these precious drops from such heavenly eyes!—Ah! and when you shall know every thing, shall see him yourself, see him in the form!—

AMELIA.

Monster! How, in what form?

FRANCIS.

Silence, silence, lovely angel! do not press me! [*as if to himself, but aloud.*] If this vice had but a veil to hide it from the eyes of the world! But when it scouls horribly from the yellow leaden eye-ball!—When it betrays itself in the deadly paleness of the haggard countenance, and exposes frightfully the bones—when it falters in the corroded throat—when it bawls frightfully aloud from the trembling tottering skeleton—

C

when

when it harrows up the inmost marrow of the bones, and filthily nestles in the excavations of loathsome corruption—Oh! oh! it makes me shudder.—You have seen that miserable wretch, Amelia! who, in our pest-house, breathed out his last; Shame seemed to avert her modest eye from him. You cried out, woe upon him. Recall his image once more to your mind, and Charles stands before you!—His kisses are pestilence, his lips poison!

AMELIA.

Shameless calumniator! [*Turning from him.*]

FRANCIS.

Are you shocked, are you terrified, at this description of Charles? Do you already shudder at this faint picture? Go! gaze at him yourself, view your beautiful, angelic, godlike, Charles! Go, draw in his balsamic breath, and suffer yourself to perish by the ambrosial exhalations which steam from his jaws! [*Amelia covers her face.*] What ardor of love! what extacy in the embrace!—But is it not unjust to condemn a man on account of his emaciated form? Even in the most deformed cripple, a soul of commanding admiration may shine forth, as a ruby from the shoal. [*Smiling maliciously.*] And from ulcered lips may also love proceed—But if vice shakes all firmness of character, if with chastity virtue also flies,

flies, as odour exhales from the withered rose—
If with the body the soul also becomes paralyzed—

AMELIA.

[*Rising with warmth.*]

Ha! Charles! Now I know thee again!
Thou art still the same, entirely the same! All
was a lie!—Monster! thou knowest it is impossi-
ble that Charles should be such as thou hast
painted. [*Francis stands for sometime absorbed in
thought, then suddenly turns to go away.*] Whither
dost thou fly so hastily before thine own in-
famy?

FRANCIS.

[*Covering his face.*]

Leave me, leave me!—Give a free course to
my tears—Tyrannical father! thus to abandon
the best of sons to misery—Accumulating infa-
my!—Leave me, Amelia! I will fall at his feet;
upon my knees will I conjure him to lay upon me
—upon me, the curse which he has pronounced—
to disinherit me—me, my blood—my life—my
all.

AMELIA.

[*Falls upon his neck.*]

Brother of my Charles; best, dearest Francis!

FRANCIS.

Oh, Amelia! how I love you for this unshaken
fidelity to my brother—Pardon me for having ven-
tured

tured to put your love to so severe a trial!—How completely have you fulfilled my wishes!—By these tears, these sighs, this heavenly resentment—for me, for me too!—So exactly do our souls move together in unison.

AMELIA.

[*Shakes her head.*]

No, no, by the chaste light of heaven! not an atom of him, not the smallest spark of his feeling—

FRANCIS.

It was a fine calm evening, the last before he departed for Leipzick, when he took me with him to that grove, where you so often used to sit together absorbed in dreams of love—We remained long silent—At length he seized my hand, and said softly to me, with tears in his eyes: “I leave Amelia, I know not—my mind forebodes that it is for ever—Do not abandon her, brother! Be her friend—her Charles—Should Charles—never—return”—[*He throws himself at Amelia's feet, and kisses her hand with rapture.*] Never, never, never, will he; and I am pledged to him by a sacred oath!

AMELIA.

[*Starting back.*]

Traitor! now I detect thee! In that very grove he bound me by an oath, if he should die,
that

that I should admit no other love—Seest thou, how impious, how detestable thou art?—Be gone from my sight!

FRANCIS.

Thou knowest me not, Amelia! Thou knowest me not!

AMELIA.

Oh! I know thee; from this moment I know thee—and wouldst thou be like him? Before thee would he have weeped for me? Before thee! Sooner would he have written my name upon the public pillory! Begone, this moment!

FRANCIS.

Thou wrongest me!

AMELIA.

Begone, I say! Thou hast robbed me of a precious hour; may it be withdrawn from thy life.

FRANCIS.

Thou hatest me.

AMELIA.

I despise thee; begone!

FRANCIS.

[Stamping upon the ground with fury.]

Soon shalt thou tremble for this!—What! sacrifice me to a beggar!

[Exit angry.]

AMELIA.

Go, villain!—Now I return to Charles—Beggar, did he say? Then this world is turned upside

hide down; beggars are kings, and kings are beggars!—I would not exchange the rags with which he is clothed for the purple of monarchs—The look with which he begs must, indeed, be a great, a princely look—a look which reduces to nothing the happiness, the pomp, the triumphs of the rich and great! To the dust with thee, thou glittering bauble! [*She tears the pearls from her neck.*] Be you doomed to wear gold and silver, and jewels, ye great and rich! Be you doomed to banquet on luxurious meals! Doomed to indulge your limbs on the soft couches of voluptuousness! Charles! Charles! Thus am I worthy of thee. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

On the Borders of Saxony—An Inn.

CHARLES MOOR.

[*Walking backwards and forwards impatiently.*]

Where can these fellows be loitering?—Surely they have taken some booty—Bring some more wine here!—Evening approaches, and no post yet—[*Laying his hand on his breast.*] Boy! boy! how it beats with thee here!—Wine! wine! I have need to-day of double courage, whether it be for happiness

happiness or despair. [*They serve him ; he drinks, and sets down the glass with violence.*] The accursed inequality of the world!—Gold rusts in the chests of wretched misers, and poverty lays an embargo on the boldest enterprizes of youth—Fellows, who would rot to death ten times ere they would misreckon the exorbitant interest which they exact from me, trip over my threshold to dun me for a handful of pitiful debts—warmly as I pressed their hand—But one day more—In vain! Prayers—oaths—tears—all made no impression on their impenetrable hearts!

SCENE IV.

SPIEGELBERG *with Letters ; the foregoing.*

SPIEGELBERG.

Destruction! Destruction! One stroke upon another! Damnation! Do you know, Moor?—Do you know? It is enough to make one rave.

MOOR.

What's the matter now?

SPIEGELBERG.

Do you ask? read—Read yourself—Our trade is knocked up—Peace in Germany—The Devil take the priests.

MOOR.

MOOR.

Peace in Germany!

SPIEGELBERG.

One may go and hang oneself—What all contention * abolished for ever!—All feuds prohibited on pain of death—Death and destruction! Rot to death, Moor! Pens will scribble where our swords should have hacked.

MOOR.

[*Throws down his sword.*]

Then let cowards and villains take the lead; men may break their swords in pieces.—Peace in Germany! Go, this news has for ever branded thee with infamy—Goose quills for swords—No! I will not admit the thought—I should dress myself in petticoats and chain down my will by laws—Peace in Germany! A curse upon the peace which reduces that to the pace of a snail which should soar like an eagle!—Peace has never yet formed a great man, but war produces Colossuses and heroes.—[*with emphasis*] Oh! that the spirit of Herman † still glowed in his ashes—Place me at the head of an army of fellows like myself, and true Germans—True Germans—But no, no! it is all over! the hour is come—There is not one drop of the generous blood of Barbarossa remain-

Faust-Recht Literally: Fift-right.

† Arminius, Prince of the Cherusci, who defeated Varus and his legions in the time of Augustus.

ing

ing in any of his race. I will renounce fighting, and retire to my father's quiet groves.

SPIEGELBERG.

What, the devil? Thou wilt not surely play the prodigal son upon us? A fellow like you, who has written more upon faces with his sword than three scribblers can blot into an order-book in a leap year. Pho! shame upon thee!—Misfortune must not make a coward of a hero—

MOOR.

I will do as I have said, Maurice! And will not be ashamed of it. Call it weakness, if you please, that I honour my father—It is the weakness of a man, and he who has it not, must be either a divinity or—a brute. Let me ever keep the middle course between them.

SPIEGELBERG.

Go! go! Thou art no longer Moor! Dost thou forget, how many thousand times with the flask in thy hand, thou hast laughed at the old miser, and said: "Let him scrape, and rake up together, I will moisten my throat with it,"—Do you remember it? Ha! Do you recollect it? Oh! thou most rascally miserable boaster!—That was nobly spoken, but—

MOOR.

Curse on thee, that thou remindest me of it! and curses on myself that I uttered it! But it was

was only amidst the fumes of wine; my heart consented not to what my tongue vaunted.

SPIEGELBERG.

[*Shaking his head.*]

No! no, no! that's impossible. Impossible, brother! That cannot be thy real intention. Tell me, dear brother, is it not necessity, which thus changes thee? Oh! be not cast down, even should it be all over with us. Courage keeps pace with danger; valour raises itself in the midst of difficulties. The fates must intend us for great men, since they so thwart us on our way.

MOOR. [*angrily.*]

I know not to what end we should have courage now—if we ever had it before.

SPIEGELBERG.

Indeed? and wilt thou let thy endowments wither? Wilt thou bury thy talents? Dost thou think thy infamous deeds at Leipzick were the utmost limits of human genius? But let us first enter into the great world—Paris and London!—There we are knocked down if we ever salute another with the title of an honest man. It is admirable! it is enchanting! when we carry on this trade in wholesale!—You may stare as much as you please! Think how delightful to forge hand-writings, load dice, break open locks, and gut strong boxes—All these arts shalt thou learn from

Spiegel-

Spiegelberg! The rascal ought to be hung up on the first gallows he comes to, who will die for hunger with strait fingers.

MOOR. [*Mortified.*]

Ha! hast thou gone to this length?

SPIEGELBERG.

I believe, indeed, you mistrust me. Let me but become warm; then shalt thou see wonders; that shallow brain of thine shall become stagnant within your skull, whilst my nimble wit is forming new plans. [*Beating the Table.*] *Aut Cesar, aut nihil!* I will make thee jealous of me.

MOOR.

[*Looks at him carelessly.*]

Maurice!

SPIEGELBERG.

[*Rises, hastily.*]

Yes, jealous!—You shall all be jealous of me. I will invent tricks at which you shall be confounded with astonishment—What a light breaks in upon me at the thought! Great ideas dawn within my soul! Giant-plans ferment in my creative brain! Cursed lethargy! [*Beating his forehead*] which till now held my powers in chains, barred and fettered all my views; I awake, and feel what I am—what I must be! Go! leave me! You will all of you, some time or other, be maintained by my charity!

MOOR.

MOOR.

Thou art a fool. 'Tis the wine in thy brain that makes thee chatter thus.

SPIEGELBERG. [*More warmly.*]

"Spiegelberg," it will be said, "art thou not
 "a forcerer, Spiegelberg? 'Tis pity, the king will
 "say, that thou wert not a general! Spiegelberg,
 "thou wouldst have chased the Turks through a
 "button hole! Yes, I hear the doctors complain
 "—What pity it is that this man did not study
 "physic, he would have invented a new throat
 "powder!—Ah! why did he not undertake the
 "department of finance, will the Sully's * sigh
 "in their cabinets; he would have extracted
 "gold by witchcraft out of the very stones."—
 And thus Spiegelberg will be talked of in the
 east and west—To the earth with you! ye cow-
 ards, ye dolts, whilst Spiegelberg, with out-
 stretched wings, will rise to the temple of glory.

MOOR.

Success to your designs! Mount by the steps
 of infamy to the pinnacle of honour. In the
 shade of my paternal groves, in the arms of my
 Amelia, a more delightful pleasure awaits me.
 Only last week I wrote to my father for pardon,
 concealed not from him the smallest circumstance,
 and where sincerity is, there is also compassion

* *Sully* was formerly a famous finance minister in France.

and

and aid. Let us take leave of each other, Maurice. We shall meet to day, and never more. The post is arrived. My father's pardon is already within these walls!

SCENE V.

Enter SCHWEIZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, and SCHUFTERLE.

ROLLER.

Do you not know then that they are searching for us?—

GRIMM.

That we are not secure for a moment from being apprehended?

MOOR.

I am not surprized at it, let it be as it will! Did you not see Razman? Did he not tell you of a letter, which he had for me?

ROLLER.

He has been seeking you this long while; I thought he had something to say to you.

MOOR.

Where is he? Where, where? [*going hastily.*]

ROLLER.

ROLLER.

Stop! We have appointed to meet him here—
You tremble!—

MOOR.

I do not tremble. Wherefore should I tremble?
Comrades! this letter—rejoice with me! I am
the happiest man under the sun—Why should I
tremble?

[*Schweizer seats himself in Spiegelberg's place and
drinks his wine.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter RAZMAN.

MOOR.

[*Flies towards him.*]

Brother, brother! the letter! the letter!

RAZMAN.

[*Gives him the letter, which he opens hastily.*]

What's the matter with you? You are as pale
as a whited wall.

MOOR.

My brother's hand!

ROLLER.

What is Spiegelberg about?

GRIMM.

GRIMM.

The fellow is mad. He makes gestures as if he had St. Vitus's dance.

SCHUFTERLE.

His wits are whirling round like a wheel. I think he is making verses.

ROLLER.

Spiegelberg! Ha Spiegelberg!—The beast does not hear.

GRIMM.

[Shakes him.]

Fellow! art thou dreaming? or—

SPIEGELBERG.

[Who has been all the time in the corner, making gestures as if he were thinking on some project, starts wildly up, and seizes Schweizer by his throat.]

Your purse or your life!

Schweizer gently pushes him against the wall; ALL laugh. MOOR lets fall the letter, and attempts to run out. ALL start up.]

ROLLER. [Stopping him.]

Moor! Where are you going, Moor? What are you about?

GRIMM.

What's the matter with him? what can be the matter with him? He is as pale as a corpse.

MOOR.

Undone! undone! [Rushes out.]

GRIMM.

GRIMM.

This must be fine news for us! Let us see!

ROLLER.

[*Takes up the letter, and reads.*]

“Unhappy brother”! [The beginning sounds charmingly.] “In a few words I must announce to thee, that thy hopes are gone—Thou mayst go, thy father bids me tell thee, where thy infamy leads thee. He also says, thou must not attempt to implore mercy by falling at his feet, unless thou wouldst live upon bread and water, in the deepest dungeon of his castle, till thy hair becomes like eagles feathers, and thy nails like their talons. These are his own words. He desires me to conclude the letter. Farewell for ever! I pity thee.”

“FRANCIS MOOR.”

SCHWEIZER.

A sweet little brother, indeed! Is the name of this villain Francis?

SPIEGELBERG.

[*Softly stepping nearer.*]

Were not you saying something about bread and water? A charming life indeed! I have provided better for you! Did I not say, that I must at last scheme for you all?

SCHWEIZER.

What says the blockhead? The jackass will scheme for us all?

SPIEGEL-

SPIEGELBERG.

Poor miserable dogs ye are all of you, if you have not the heart to undertake something great.

ROLLER.

Why, we should be so indeed, thou art right—but will what thou wouldst have us attempt extricate us from this cursed condition? or will it not?—

SPIEGELBERG. [*With an assuming smile.*]

Pitiful clown! Extricate you from this condition? Ha, ha, ha!—Extricate you from this condition? And does not thy thimbleful of brain carry thee beyond this? Why, just so much will carry thy mare to the stable? Spiegelberg must be a blockhead if he should only begin with that. Heroes, I say, Barons—Princes—and Demi-gods will it make us!

RAZMAN.

That's a great deal at one stroke, indeed! But perhaps it will be a neckbreaking enterprize; at least it may cost us our heads.

SPIEGELBERG.

Not thine, Razman! I'll answer for it—it costs nothing but courage, and as far as merit is concerned in the invention, I take that entirely to myself. Courage, I say, Schweizer! Courage, Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schusterle!—Courage!

SCHWEIZER.

Courage, why if that be all—I have courage enough to walk barefoot through the midst of hell.

D

ROLLER.

ROLLER.

And I have courage enough to box with the devil himself under the gallows for a condemned criminal.

SPIEGELBERG.

That pleases me! If ye have courage, then let any one stand forth and declare, whether he has yet any thing to lose, or whether he has not every thing to gain? [*A long pause.*] No answer?

ROLLER.

Now! what need is there of so much palaver? If it is what a man of sense can comprehend, and a man of courage can execute, out with it.

SPIEGELBERG.

Well, then! [*He places himself in the midst, and proceeds in a tone of entreaty.*] If there yet flows one drop of heroic German blood in your veins—come! let us betake ourselves to the Bohemian forests, there collect together a band of robbers, and—What do you stare at?—Has your small stock of courage already evaporated?

ROLLER.

Thou art not indeed the first rascal who has bid defiance to the gallows—and yet—what else have we left to choose?

SPIEGELBERG.

Choose! what? Have you nothing to choose? Would you lie confined in a debtor's dungeon, and shrivel up till the blowing of the last trumpet?

Would

Would you sweat with the spade and mattock for a morsel of black bread? Would you extort a meagre pittance from the populace, by singing miserable ballads before their windows? or would you carry the musket?—But there is first a question to be discussed—Whether they would trust your countenances;—and then, from the splenetic temper of an imperious corporal you suffer purgatory in anticipation; or run the gauntlet to the beat of drum, or in the paradise of the galleys drag along with you Vulcan's whole magazine of iron? See, what you have to choose—Behold the only alternatives which offer themselves!

ROLLER.

Thou art a master in oratory, Spiegelberg, when it is to make an honest man a villain—But tell me, one of you, where is Moor?

SPIEGELBERG.

Honest! sayst thou? Dost thou suppose thou shalt become less honest hereafter than thou art at present? What dost thou mean by honest? To take from the back of rich misers a third part of their care, which only deprives them of their golden slumbers; to bring useless gold into circulation; to restore the equal balance of property; in a word, to bring back the golden age; to rid Providence of the burden of many an irksome pensioner; to spare it the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine and physicians—and thus, with

D 2

every

every meal one enjoys, to have the flattering thought of having acquired it by our ingenuity, by lion-like courage, by our sleepless nights—to become respected by every class of mankind.

ROLLER.

And at last, perhaps, to ascend towards heaven, while yet alive, and in defiance of storms and winds, in defiance of consuming time, to swing amidst sun, moon, and stars, where the birds of heaven are attracted, to chaunt, of their own accord, their divine strains? Is it not true!—And whilst monarchs and potentates are devoured by worms, to aspire to the honour of receiving visits from Jove's royal bird?—Maurice, Maurice! beware! beware! of the three-legged* beast.

SPIEGELBERG.

And does that frighten thee, dastard! many a noble genius, who might have reformed the world, has rotted in the open air; and do they not speak of such a man for centuries—for thousands of years, while many a king and elector would be overlooked in history, did not the biographer fear a blank in the genealogical tree, and that he might not be able to swell out the book a few leaves farther, which he is paid for by the sheet with ready money—and when the traveller sees thee swinging to and fro in the wind:—"This

* *Three-legged beast*—The gallows in Germany is formed with three posts.

" fellow

"fellow must have had no water in his brains," mutters he to himself, as he sighs over the misery of the times.

RAZMAN.

Masterly, Spiegelberg, masterly! Thou hast, like another Orpheus, lulled to sleep the howling beast—conscience! Take me, just as I am.

GRIMM.

And let them call it criminal;—what then?—Cannot we always be prepared against emergencies, by carrying in one's pocket a small dose of powder, which will convey us without noise over Acheron, where cock never crows?—Courage, brother Maurice! so runs Grimm's creed too. *(Gives him his hand.)*

SCHUFTERLE.

Zounds! What a hurly-burly is in my head—Quacks—Lottery—Goldmakers pell-mell and rogues. Whoever bids most shall have me—Take this hand, cousin!

SCHWEIZER.

[Comes slowly forward and stretches out his hand to him.]

Maurice—thou art a great man! or rather a blind sow has smelt out the acorns.

ROLLER.

[After some consideration, with a penetrating look at Schweizer.]

And thou too, my friend! *[Pressing his right hand*

hand with warmth.] Roller with Schweizer—
though he were going to hell!

SPIEGELBERG.

[Leaping up with joy.]

To the stars, comrades—Free passage to Cæsar
and Catiline!—Courage!—Toss off your glasses!
—Health to the God Mercury!

ALL. *[Empty their glasses.]*

Health to Mercury.

SPIEGELBERG.

And now break up. To work! This day
twelvemonth every one of us shall be able to
command an earldom.

SCHWEIZER. *[Aside.]*

If he be not first broken on the wheel. *[They
are going]*

ROLLER.

Softly, children, softly! Whither so fast? The
beast must first have a head. Without a chief
Rome and Sparta had fallen to the ground.

SPIEGELBERG. *[Complacently.]*

Yes! Stop! Roller speaks right—And it must
be a sagacious, clear head—A clever political
head must it be—Ha! *[With folded arms standing
in the midst of them.]* when I consider what you
were but a moment since, and what you are now;
what you are become by one happy thought.
Yes; indeed, indeed, you must have a chief—And
such

such a thought, own it yourselves! could not but spring from a sensible political head!

ROLLER.

If it might but be hoped—or dream't of—but, I despair of his consent.

SPIEGELBERG. [*Cajoling.*]

And why despair, dear brother?—Difficult as it is to guide the ship buffeted by winds and storms—Difficult as it is to bear the pressure of a crown—Speak out boldly, friend. Perhaps,—perhaps—he yet will suffer himself to be prevailed upon.

ROLLER.

The whole is nonsense if he be not placed at our head—Without Moor we are a body without a soul.

SPIEGELBERG.

[*Going peevishly away from him.*]

Idiot!

SCENE VII.

[*Enter Moor. He stalks hastily up and down the room, with wild emotion, talking to himself.*]

Men!—Men! false hypocritical brood of crocodiles! Their eyes are water! their hearts are
brass!

brass! Kisses upon their lips! daggers in their hearts! Lions and leopards feed their young, ravens provide carrion for their food, and *he, he*.— I have learnt to bear malice; I can smile at it, if my bitterest enemy offers me my own heart's blood to drink—But when love is banished from a father's breast; Oh! then take fire, noble humanity; degenerate into a tyger, tender-hearted lamb, and let every nerve distort itself with rage and fury.

ROLLER.

Harke, Moor! What think you of it? Is not a robber's life better than bread and water in the deepest dungeon of a tower?

MOOR.

Why is not this spirit infused into a tyger which gluts its raging jaws with human flesh? Is this a father's care? Is this love for love? Oh! that I were a bear, to excite the bears of the north against this murderous race.—Repentance, and no pardon! Oh! that I could poison the ocean, that men might drink death from every spring! Confidence, unspeakable confidence in my father, and no pardon!—

ROLLER.

Hear then, Moor, what I tell thee!

MOOR.

It is incredible, it is a dream—Such a moving petition, such a living picture of misery and agonizing

nizing remorse—The most savage beast would have been melted to compassion! Stones would have shed tears, and yet—man would think it a wicked libel on the human race were I to declare it—and yet—Oh! that I could sound the trumpet of discord through the whole creation, to stir up air—earth—and sea—in contention against this race of hyenas!

GRIMM.

Hear then! hear! Thou canst not hear for rage.

MOOR.

Away! away from me! Is not thy name man? Did not woman bear thee?—Out of my sight with thy human countenance!—I loved him so unspeakably! Never son so loved a father; I would have given a thousand lives—[*Furiously stamping on the ground.*] Ha!—Who will this moment put a sword into my hand, that I may give this viperous race a deadly blow? Who will tell me, where I could aim at its heart—tear it—crush it—annihilate it—He should be my friend, my angel, my divinity—I would worship him!

ROLLER.

Be but advised! just such friends will we be to thee!

GRIMM.

Come with us to the Bohemian forests; we will form a band of robbers, and thou—

[MOOR *stares at him.*]

SCHWEI-

SCHWEIZER.—
Thou shalt be our captain! Thou must be our captain!

SPIEGELBERG.
[*Throws himself enraged into an arm chair.*]
Slaves and cowards!

MOOR.
Who inspired thee with that word! Harke, fellow! [*Seizing Roller with a strong gripe.*] Thou didst not draw that from thine own understanding! Who inspired thee with that word? Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that we will, that we must be! The thought deserves deification! Robbers and murderers! As my soul lives, I am your captain!

ALL. [*With a loud shout.*]
Long live the captain!

SPIEGELBERG.
[*Rising and muttering to himself.*]
Never—till he gets my consent!

MOOR.
Look, there drop the scales from my eyes! *

* *There drop the scales from my eyes—Scales, in German, is called, der Staar.*

There are two expressions to signify blindness in the German Language. "The black-Staar—and the grey-Staar," The first is incurable, and the second is not. The literal signification of this word *Staar* is "a cataract in the eye," or that thin film which grows over the surface of the eye and obstructs the light. The operation to remove this obstruction is called "*couching.*"

What

What a fool was I to wish myself back again in the cage!—My soul thirsts after deeds of valour; I pant for freedom—Murderers and robbers!—With this word was all law stamped under my feet—Men renounced humanity towards me when I appealed to humanity; begone from me then sympathy and all forbearance! I no longer have a father, I have no longer love; and blood and death shall teach me to forget that any thing ever was dear to me! Come! Come! Oh! I will stir up a dreadful havock! 'Tis done, I am your captain! Good fortune to the man among you who burns, who murders in the most atrocious manner, he shall be recompensed like a king—Come round me every one of you, and swear to me fidelity and obedience, even till death.

ALL. [*give their hands to him.*]

Till death.

SPIEGELBERG.

[*Walks up and down in a rage.*]

MOOR.

And now, by this right hand I swear to you, here to remain your faithful and true captain, even till death! This arm shall make that man a corpse who fears, or doubts, or steps back! Let me suffer the same from every one of you, if I break my oath! Are you satisfied?

ALL

ALL. [*Throwing their hats into the air.*]

We are satisfied. [*Spiegelberg laughs maliciously aside.*]

MOOR.

Well, then, let us begone! Fear neither danger nor death, for our destiny depends upon an unalterable fate! Every one of you will have his end, be it upon a soft cushion of down, in the rough tumult of battle, on the gallows, or the wheel. One of these is our fate. [*Exeunt.*]

SPIEGELBERG.

There is a vacancy in thy list! Thou hast omitted treachery. [*Exit.*]

END OF ACT THE FIRST.

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FRANCIS MOOR.

[Alone in his Apartment.]

The physician is too tedious.—The life of an old man is an eternity.—And must my towering plans creep the slow lingering pace of human existence? Might we but open a new entrance for death into the fortrefs of life?—By harassing the soul to kill the body?—Ha! an original thought! He who could effect this—would be a second Columbus in the empire of death!—Consider, Moor—it were an art worthy of thy invention—And how must I proceed?—What passions prove most inveterately hostile to the principle of life?—RAGE?—This half famished greedy wolf gorges himself too willingly—SORROW?—That worm creeps too tediously for me.—FEAR?—Hope never allows herself

to

to be overtaken.—[*In a malicious tone.*] Are these all the executioners of mankind?—Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted?—[*In deep meditation.*] How?—Well?—What?—Ha! [*Starting.*] TERROR! What cannot terror do? What is the power of reason, hope, or religion, against this giant's icy-cold embrace?—And yet! yet! if he should withstand this tempest too?—Oh! come, then, to my assistance, GRIEF, and thou REMORSE, infernal fury-gnawing serpent, that ruminatest over thy prey; and thou howling SELF-ACCUSATION, who layest desolate thy own habitation, and destroyest even thy mother!—Come also to my aid, ye benign graces, sweetly smiling PAST, and thou blooming FUTURITY, wearing the overflowing horn of plenty, display in your mirrors the joys of heaven, whilst your slippery foot glides from his eager arms—Thus I follow stroke upon stroke, storm upon storm, against this frail existence, till the whole host of furies closes in DESPAIR! Triumph! triumph! the plan is ripe.

SCENE II.

SCENE II.

FRANCIS. HERMAN.

FRANCIS. [*Resolutely.*]

Well then! [*Enter HERMAN.*] Ha! *Deus ex machina!* Herman!

HERMAN.

At your service, gracious Sir!

FRANCIS.

[*Gives him his hand.*]

Which service thou dost not bestow upon one who is ungrateful.

HERMAN.

I have proofs of it.

FRANCIS.

Thou shalt have more very soon,—very soon, Herman!—I have something to tell thee, Herman.

HERMAN.

I listen with a thousand ears.

FRANCIS.

I know thee; thou art a resolute fellow—Hast a soldier's-heart—An insinuating tongue! *—My father has sorely injured thee, Herman!

* *An insinuating tongue*—Literally: *Hair upon thy tongue*. A very common phrase in Germany, e. gr. *This man has hair upon his tongue*; i. e. He is a good orator.

HER-

HERMAN.

Destruction be my lot if ever I forget it!

FRANCIS.

That is the word of a man! Revenge becomes a warlike breast. Thou pleasest me, Herman. Take this purse, Herman! It should be heavier if I were master.

HERMAN.

That is indeed my perpetual wish. Gracious Sir! I thank you.

FRANCIS.

Indeed, Herman! Dost thou indeed wish that I were master?—But my father has the strength of a lion, and I am the youngest son.

HERMAN.

I wish you were the eldest, and your father were as feeble as a consumptive girl.

FRANCIS.

Ha! how would the eldest son then recompense thee! How would he raise thee to the light from the ignoble dust which accords so little with thy spirit and nobility!—Then thou shouldst, as surely as thou standest now before me, be clothed in gold, and be drawn through the streets by four horses; indeed shouldst thou!—But I shall forget what I would speak of to thee—Hast thou already forgotten the lady Edelreich, * Herman?

* *Amelia Edelreich.* The mistress of Charles Moor.

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

Death and destruction! Why do you remind me of her?

FRANCIS.

My brother flily snatched her away from thee.

HERMAN.

He shall suffer for it!

FRANCIS.

She gave thee a refusal*; and I think my brother treated thee with the utmost indignity.

HERMAN.

I will thrust them both downwards into the lower regions.

FRANCIS.

He said, that thy father was never able to look upon thee without beating his breast, and exclaiming with a sigh: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

HERMAN.

[Wildly.]

Lightning! thunder! and hail! be silent!

FRANCIS.

He advised thee to dispose of thy letter of nobility, and to mend thy stockings with the purchase money.

* *She gave thee a refusal*; literally, * *She gave thee a basket*," a common expression in Germany for a lady's refusal of a suitor, as, *He received a basket from Miss N...*

HERMAN.

S'death! I'll tear out his eyes with these nails!

FRANCIS.

What?—Thou becomest enraged?—What violence canst thou offer to him?—What can a rat do against a lion? Thy anger only sweetens his triumph. Thou canst do nothing but gnash thy teeth, and vent thy indignation in gnawing a dry crust.

HERMAN.

[Stamping on the ground.]

I'll grind him to dust!

FRANCIS.

[Claps him on the shoulder.]

Eye! Herman! thou art a cavalier.—Thou must not let this insult rest quietly upon thee; thou must not lose the lady—No! thou must not allow that for all the world, Herman!—Death and destruction! I would strive to the utmost were I in thy place!

HERMAN.

I shall not rest till I have them both underground.

FRANCIS.

Not so furiously, Herman! Come nearer!—Thou shalt possess Amelia.

HERMAN.

That will I, in spite of every devil!—That I must!

FRANCIS.

Thou shalt have her, I tell thee, and from my hand.—Come nearer, I say.—Thou knowest not, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited!

HERMAN.

[Approaching.]

Incomprehensible!—The first word that I have heard of it.

FRANCIS.

Be silent, and hear farther! Thou shalt hear more of it another time.—Yes, I tell thee, for these last eleven months as good as banished; but already the old dotard begins to repent of his precipitate step, which I suppose indeed (*laughing*) he did not take of himself. The Lady Edelreich, too, presses daily hard upon him with her complaints and reproaches. In fine, he will seek him in all the four quarters of the globe, and if he discovers him, good night, Herman! Thou mayest, when he goes with her to church to be married, submissively hand him into his carriage.

HERMAN.

I will strangle him at the altar!

FRANCIS.

His father will very soon resign to him his estates, and live contentedly in one of his castles. Already the proud obstinate man has the reins in his hands—already does he laugh at his ene-

E 2

mies!

mies! And I—I who desire to ennoble thee—I myself, Herman, shall be obliged to bow before his threshold.—

HERMAN.

[*With warmth.*]

No! As sure as my name is Herman, that you never shall!—If the smallest spark of reason still glimmers within this brain, that you never shall!

FRANCIS.

Wilt thou prevent it?—Thee also, my dear Herman! thee also will he cause to feel his lash.—He will spit in thy face when thou meetest him in the street: and woe unto thee, if thou but shrug thy shoulders or bite thy lip.—And thus stands it with thy courtship, with all thy prospects, with all thy plans.

HERMAN.

[*Resolutely.*]

Tell me! What shall I do?

FRANCIS.

Listen then, Herman—That thou mayest perceive how I interest myself in thy fate—go—disguise thyself—Let it be impossible for any one to recognize thee—Get admission to the old man; pretend, that you are come directly from Hungary, and that you were with my brother in the last engagement—that you saw him breathe his last upon the field of battle.

HERMAN.

Shall I be believed?

FRANCIS.

Pho! Let that be my concern!—Take this packet. There thou wilt find thy instructions at full length, and proofs besides, which might make doubt itself believe.—But see that you immediately depart undiscovered! Hasten through the back gate into the court, and from thence over the garden-wall.—Leave to me the catastrophe of this tragi-comedy!

HERMAN,

And that shall be: “Long live our new master, the noble lord Francis Moor!”

FRANCIS,

[*Pats his cheeks.*]

How cunning thou art?—Then thou seest, by this way, we may gain all our ends, and quickly too. Amelia relinquishes all her hopes. The old man attributes to himself the death of his son, and sickens—A tottering building requires no earthquake to shake it to the ground. He will not survive the news. I am his only son. Amelia loses all her hopes, becomes the sport of my will, and you may easily conceive.—In short, every thing must go as we could wish, but thou must not retract thy word.

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

What do you say? [*rejoicing.*]—Sooner shall the ball turn back in its course, and rage in the entrails of the marksman!—Rely upon me. Let me but proceed. Farewell.

FRANCIS.

[*Calling after him.*]

What thou dost thou dost for thyself. [*Follows him with his eyes to the end of the stage, and then breaks out into a hysteric laugh.*] All eagerness! all willingness! How impetuously that rascal throws off his honesty, and leaps beyond the boundaries of honour to lay hold of an imaginary advantage, which, if he were not insane, he must be convinced he can never obtain—[*ironically.*] No! it is unpardonable! This fellow is himself a scoundrel, yet he trusts to the semblance of honesty in another. He carelessly goes forth to betray an honest man; and yet when he finds he has been deceived himself, he will never forgive. Is this the boasted lord of the creation?—Then forgive me, parent Nature, if I owe thee a grudge for that form thou hast given me. Complete thy work, by kindly taking from me every vestige of remaining humanity.—Man, thou hast lost all my esteem, nor in my conscience do I think it cruelty to practice all I can invent to torment thee.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Old Moor's Bed-Chamber.

OLD MOOR. AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Softly ! Softly !—He slumbers ! [*She steps up to him whilst sleeping.*] How amiable ! How venerable !—Venerable as saints are painted.—No ! I cannot be angry with thy grey hairs !—I cannot be angry with you !—Sleep on amidst the perfume of roses—[*She scatters roses around him.*]—amidst the perfume of roses may Charles appear in thy dreams.—Awake in the perfume of roses : I will go and sleep in rosemary. [*She is going.*]

OLD MOOR.

[*Dreaming.*]

My Charles ! my Charles ! my Charles.

AMELIA.

[*Coming softly back.*]

Hark ! His guardian angel has heard my prayer—[*Approaches very near to him.*]—'Tis sweet to breathe the very air with which his name mixes.—I will stay.

OLD

OLD MOOR.

[Still dreaming.]

Art thou here?—Art thou indeed here?—
Ah!—regard me not with that look of sorrow!—
I am sufficiently wretched. *[Moves himself with difficulty.]*

AMELIA.

[Awakening him hastily.]

Rise, uncle!—it was a dream.

OLD MOOR.

[Half awake.]

Was he not here? Did I not press his hands?
Did I not inhale the breath of his roses?—
Detested Francis! Wilt thou tear him from my
dreams too?"

AMELIA.

[Shrinking back.]

Hearest thou that, Amelia?

OLD MOOR.

[Wakes.]

Where am I?—Art thou here, my niece?

AMELIA.

You have enjoyed an enviable sleep.

OLD MOOR.

I was dreaming of my Charles. Why did I
not dream on? Perhaps I should have obtained
pardon from his own mouth,

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[With sweetness.]

Angels do not hate—He forgives you—*[Pressing his hand tenderly.]* Father of my Charles! I forgive you.

OLD MOOR.

No, my daughter! The death-like colour of your cheeks contradicts your heart. Poor maiden! I destroyed the happiness of thy youth. Forgive not—only do not curse me.

AMELIA.

Love has learnt but one mode of cursing. "This," my father—*[She kisses his hand with tenderness.]*

OLD MOOR.

[Rising.]

What find I here? Roses, maiden! Dost thou strew roses on the murderer of thy love?

AMELIA.

Roses on the father of my beloved—*[Falling on his neck]*—Since I cannot scatter them on him.

OLD MOOR.

Yet willingly wouldst thou have scattered them!—And thou hast scattered them on him, though unknowingly. Do you know this picture?—*[Taking away the curtain from a picture.]*

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[Rushes towards it.]

Charles!

OLD MOOR.

Thus he looked when he entered his sixteenth year—now, how altered!—Oh! it tortures my soul! This mildness is become misanthropy—this smile, despair! Is it not so, Amelia? It was on his birth-day, in the bower of jessamine, that you traced his likeness.

AMELIA.

Oh! I shall never forget that day!—Never again shall I live to see another like it! As he sat opposite me, the crimson reflection of the evening sun shone upon his countenance, his brown locks played carelessly in the wind. At every stroke of the pencil the poor maiden threw aside the picture—the pencil fell—my trembling lips imbibed the traces with rapture. The whole original grew in my heart. The outline of this painting still was seen upon the canvas, feeble and languid as the faint recollection of the soft music of yesterday.

OLD MOOR.

Proceed! proceed! Your fancy makes me young again.—Oh! my daughter! your mutual love caused me so much happiness!

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[With her eyes fixed upon the picture.]

No! no! it is not! By heaven!* that's not Charles.—Here, here!—*[Pointing to her heart and bosom.]*—So entirely different. The idle colour is not able to imitate the heavenly spirit that beams from his eyes. Away with it! this is like other men.—I was but a bungler.

SCENE IV.

Enter DANIEL.

DANIEL.

There is a man without who wishes to see you. He brings, he says, news of the utmost consequence.

OLD MOOR.

There is in this world to me but one thing of consequence—You know it, Amelia.—Yet, if it be an unhappy man who stands in need of my assistance, he shall not go from hence unrelieved.

[Exit DANIEL.]

* *By Heaven!* literally, By God! This expression in the mouth of a lady appears harsh to an English ear; but, in Germany, its common use removes every disagreeable sentiment.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

If he is a beggar he shall come up directly.

OLD MOOR.

Amelia! Amelia! spare me!

SCENE V.

Enter FRANCIS, and HERMAN disguised.

FRANCIS.

Here is the man.—Dreadful news, he says, awaits you. Can you bear to hear it?

OLD MOOR.

I know but one thing that can be dreadful.—Come hither, friend, and spare me not. Give him some wine.

HERMAN.

[With a feigned voice.]

My gracious lord! Do not blame a poor man, if unwillingly he pierces your heart with anguish. I am a stranger here, but you I know well: you are the father of Charles Moor.

OLD MOOR.

How do you know that?

HERMAN.

I knew your son—

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[*Starting up.*]

Is he alive? Is he alive? Thou knewest him?
Where is he? where? where?—[*Running off.*]

OLD MOOR.

You knew my son?

HERMAN.

He studied at the university of Leipzig. From thence he wandered through Germany, his head uncovered, barefooted, and begging his bread from door to door. Five months afterwards that dreadful war broke out between the Poles and Turks; and as he had nothing left in the world to hope for, the sound of King Matthias's victorious trumpets attracted him to Pest in Hungary; let me, said he to the king, let me die upon the bed of heroes: I have no longer a father!

OLD MOOR.

Look not on me, Amelia!

HERMAN.

They gave him a pair of colours. He shared in the glory of the victories of Matthias. We lay together under the same tent. He spoke much of his old father, of better days that were past, and of blasted hopes.—The tears stood in both our eyes.

OLD MOOR.

[*Hides his face.*]

No more! Oh! no more!

HERMAN.

Eight days afterwards there was a hot engagement. I must tell you, your son behaved like a gallant warrior. He performed prodigies in fight of the whole army. Five regiments near him were obliged to be relieved:—He stood firm. A shower of balls fell on every side: your son stood firm. A ball shattered his right hand: he took the colours into his left, and still stood firm—

AMELIA.

[*In ecstasy.*]

And stood firm, father! and stood firm!

HERMAN.

I found him in the evening of the battle on the field. He had fallen, after having received several severe wounds. With his left hand he stopped the streaming blood: his right was buried in the ground—"Brother," cried he, "it is reported" "through the ranks that the general has fallen."—"He has fallen," said I; "but how art thou?"—"Well!" exclaimed he; and removing his left hand, he added, "Let the man" "who is a brave soldier follow his general as I do!" Soon after which he breathed out the soul of a real hero.

FRANCIS.

[*Wildly rushing towards Herman.*]

May death seal up thy accursed lips! Comest thou hither to give our father his death-blow? Father! Amelia! Father!

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

It was the last request of my dying comrade.
“Take this sword,” said he, his voice faltering,
“you shall deliver it to my aged father, with the
“blood of his son still upon it. He is revenged :
“he may congratulate himself. Tell him, his
“curse has hunted me into battle and to death,
“and that I fell—in despair.” His last sigh was—
Amelia!

AMELIA.

[Starting up, much agitated.]

His last sigh, Amelia!

OLD MOOR.

[Shrieking aloud and tearing his hair.]

My curse driven him to death!—Fallen in despair!

HERMAN.

Here is the sword, and here is a picture too,
which he took from out his bosom. It resembles
this lady. “This to my brother Francis,” said
he. I know not what he would have said farther.

FRANCIS.

[Seems astonished.]

To me the picture of Amelia? To me, Charles!
—Amelia!—me!

AMELIA.

[Furiously rushing towards Herman.]

Base, perfidious, hired impostor!—*[Seizing him
roughly.]*

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

That I am not, noble lady. See yourself if it is not your picture.—Perhaps you might have given it to him.

FRANCIS.

By heavens! Amelia, yours! It is indeed yours.

AMELIA.

[Returning him the picture.]

Mine! mine! Oh heaven and earth!

OLD MOOR.

[Exclaiming with agony, and beating his breast.]

Woe! woe! My curse pursued him to death!
Fallen in despair!

FRANCIS.

And he remembered me in the heavy hour of departure!—Me! Angelic soul!—whilst already the black banners of death waved over him!—Me!

OLD MOOR.

[Stammering.]

My curse driven him to death! My son fallen in despair!—

HERMAN.

[Agitated and with emotion.]

This sorrow I cannot bear.—Farewell, venerable lord!—*[Aside to Francis.]* Why did you this, Sir?

[Exit suddenly.]

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[*Running after him.*]

Stay ! Stay !—What were his last words ?

HERMAN.

[*Calling back.*]

His last sigh was—Amelia ! [Exit.

AMELIA.

His last sigh—Amelia !—No, thou art no impostor ! It is true, then—true that he is dead !—
[*Staggers about till she sinks down.*]—Dead ! Charles is dead !—

FRANCIS.

What do I see ? What is this upon the sword ?
Written with blood—Amelia !

AMELIA.

By him ?

FRANCIS.

See I right, or do I dream ? Behold, here in bloody characters : “ Francis, forsake not my “ Amelia ! ”—Look ! look upon the other side—
“ Amelia, all-powerful death has liberated you “ from your oath.” See now—Seest thou this ? He wrote it with his almost stiffened hand—he wrote it on the awful confines of eternity !

AMELIA.

Almighty God ! it is his hand.—He has never loved me ! [Exit suddenly.

F

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

[Stamping upon the ground]

Hell and furies ! My whole scheme is frustrated by that capricious woman !

OLD MOOR.

Alas ! alas ! Do not leave me, my daughter !—
Francis ! Francis ! Restore to me my son !

FRANCIS.

And who gave him the curse ? Who was he that drove his son to battle—to death—to despair ?—Oh ! he was a noble youth ! curse upon his executioner !

OLD MOOR.

[Beating his breast and forehead.]

Curse ! Curse ! Destruction ! Curse upon myself !—I am the father who murdered his glorious son !—He loved me even in his death !—To punish me, he ran to battle and to death ! Am I not a monster ?—Oh ! a monster !—*[In an agony of rage.]*

FRANCIS.

He is gone !—What now avail these idle lamentations !—*[malignantly.]* It is easier to murder than to restore to life.

OLD MOOR.

And it was thou who didst force the curse from my lips !—Thou !—Thou ! Give me my son again !

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

Do not irritate my rage. I leave you to die.

OLD MOOR.

Monster. Monster! Restore to me my son!—

[*He rushes out from his arm chair, and is going to seize Francis by the throat, who escapes.*]

SCENE VI.

OLD MOOR.

A thousand curses light upon thee! Thou hast stolen my son from my arms!—[*Throws himself upon the sofa in despair.*] Woe! Alas! Despair, but not death!—They fly, desert me in death—my good angels avoid me: they abandon the cold hoary murderer!—Oh! Oh! Will nobody support my head? Will nobody release the struggling soul?—No sons! no daughters! no friends! Men only!—Will no one—alone—abandoned—Woe! woe! Despair, but not death!—[*He falls back exhausted upon the sofa.*]

AMELIA.

[*Comes slowly nearer, perceives him, and with a sudden shriek exclaims:*]

Dead!—quite dead!

[*Exit in despair.*]

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SCENE VII.

SCENE VII.

The Bohemian Forests.

RAZMAN *from one side*; SPIEGELBERG, *with a party of* ROBBERS, *from the other.*

RAZMAN.

Welcome, comrades! Welcome to the Bohemian Forests!—[*They embrace each other.*] Whither does the lightning hurry thee? Whence has the storm brought thee, my dearest companion?

SPIEGELBERG.

Red-hot from Leipzick fair. There was fun. Ask only Schufferle. He greets thee heartily upon thy happy return. He has joined, in his return, the great band of our captain!—[*Throws himself upon the ground.*] And how have you passed your time? How proceeds the business? Oh! I could tell thee such tricks, that thou shouldst forget thy meals to listen to them.

RAZMAN.

I believe you—I believe you. You took care we should hear that in the newspapers.—But where the devil dost thou pick up all this vermin? Thunder and wounds! thou bringest with thee a fine swarm of recruits; you are an excellent fer-jeant.

SPIEGELBERG.

SPIEGELBERG.

Well! and a clever pack they are!—Thou mayst hang thy hat up in the sun, brother, and I'll lay a wager they will steal it, as if the world was all in darknes.

RAZMAN. [*Laughs.*]

You will be vastly welcome to the captain with these gentlemen. He too has engaged brave fellows.

SPIEGELBERG. [*Maliciously.*]

To the devil with your captain, and look at mine in comparifon—Ha!

RAZMAN.

Well! Well! They may have pretty dexterous fingers—but I tell thee, the fame of our captain has already tempted many noble fellows.

SPIEGELBERG.

So much the worfe.

SCENE VIII.

[GRIMM, *running in hastily, the FOREGOING.*]

RAZMAN.

Who's there? What's the matter here? Have you feen travellers in the forest?

F 3

GRIMM.

GRIMM.

Quick! quick! Where are the rest?—The devil! What do you stand chattering about here? Don't you know—don't you know it all?—Poor Roller!

RAZMAN.

What! What of Roller?

GRIMM.

Roller is hanged, and four others with him.—

RAZMAN.

Roller?—What?—When?—How have you heard that?

GRIMM.

He has already been imprisoned three weeks, and we knew nothing about him: three times has he been examined, and we heard nothing. They have questioned him upon the rack, to make him confess where our captain was?—The brave fellow would not utter a syllable. Yesterday he received sentence of death, and this morning he went post-haste to the devil.

RAZMAN.

Damnation! Does the captain know this?

GRIMM.

He heard it but yesterday—he foamed like a wild boar. You know he always highly valued Roller, and his having suffered the rack has increased his esteem. We tried to rescue him
with

with ropes and ladders, but all to no purpose. Moor himself gained admission to him in the habit of a capuchin: he offered to change his dress with him, but Roller obstinately refused—and now he has uttered an oath which chilled our very vitals: he has sworn that he will light such a torch for him as never before blazed for the funeral of any king—a fire which shall reduce them all to ashes *. I fear for the town. He has long entertained a pique against it for its abominable bigotry; and if he once says—"Thus will I do, it is as if it were already done.

RAZMAN.

But alas! Poor Roller!

SPIEGELBERG.

Memento mori!—But for that I care not.—
[Hums a tune.]—Whenever I pass by a gallows, I shall only blink my right eye, and think, thou art well hanged there alone. Who is a fool, thou or I?

RAZMAN.

[Starting up.]

Hark! a shot.—[Firing and noise.]

SPIEGELBERG.

Another!

* Reduce them all to ashes; literally, burn their backs black and blue.

Again

RAZMAN.

Again, another!—The captain!—[*Musick behind the scenes.*]—“ They never hang a man at Nurenberg before they have him *.” *Da capo.*

SCHWEIZER and ROLLER.

[*Behind the scenes.*]

Holla, ho ! holla, ho !

RAZMAN.

'Tis Roller! Roller!—May every devil fetch me!

SCHWEIZER and ROLLER.

[*Behind the scene.*]

Huzza ! Razman ! Grimm ! Spiegelberg ! Razman ! Huzza !

RAZMAN.

Roller ! Schweizer ! Thunder, lightning, tempest, and fury!—[*They rush towards him.*]

* This is a German proverb, of which this was the occasion. Four criminals at Nurenberg, in Germany, the night before their execution made their escape, and wrote these words in large characters in the inside of their prison.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter MOOR on horseback, SCHWEIZER, ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE, and a party of ROBBERS, covered with dirt and mud.

MOOR.

[Jumps off his horse.]

Freedom! Freedom!—Well, you are safe, Roller! Take my horse*, and wash him with wine†. *[Throws himself exhausted upon the ground.]*—Hot work this!

RAZMAN. *[To Roller.]*

Now by the fiery fork of Pluto! art thou risen from the wheel?

SPIEGELBERG.

Are you his ghost? Or am I deprived of my senses? Or are you really Roller?

ROLLER.

Here I am, body and all—quite whole. Where do you think I come from?

* In the original he calls his horse *meinen Rappen*, which signifies my black horse in German.

† After a horse-race, it is customary to wash the horse's feet with wine.

GRIMM.

Ask the Devil! The stick was already broken over thee*.

ROLLER.

That it was indeed, and still more. I arrive straight from the gallows—let me take breath. Schweizer will tell you all. Give me a glass of brandy. You too here, Maurice!—I thought to see thee elsewhere†. For God's sake give me a glass of brandy! my bones fall asunder!—Oh, my captain! Where is my captain?

RAZMAN.

Have patience for a moment!—But say—speak! How didst thou escape? How is it that we have thee again? My head whirls round.—From the gallows did you say?

ROLLER.

[*Tosses off a glass of brandy.*]

Ah! that tastes well—that warms my inside!—Strait from the gallows, I say.—You stand, and stare, and can scarcely believe this. I was only three paces from the damned ladder, from which

* When a criminal in Germany is condemned to death, the judge having pronounced sentence, takes a small stick from the table, breaks it, and throws it before the feet of the criminal. Hence the expression, *den Stab brechen*, to condemn a malefactor to death; literally, to break the stick. The signification of which is, as this broken stick can never be joined, so as to be what it was before, so certain is it that you must die.

† Elsewhere, viz. in Hell.

I was

I was to have mounted to the bosom of Abraham—thus near—thus near—Wouldst thou have bought my life at a pinch of snuff? I thank thee, captain, for breath, liberty, and life.

SCHWEIZER.

Ah! it is a joke worth hearing. By means of our spies, we got wind the day before that Roller was deep in the pickle, and if Heaven did not first fall, he was to depart the next morning—that was this morning early, I tell you—the way of all flesh. “Rise! said the captain, “what risques “should we not run for a friend. Save him or not, we’ll light him such a funeral pile as never blazed for any king, and which shall reduce to ashes his infernal judges.” The whole band was summoned. We posted a messenger to him, who contrived to deliver a small note in his soup.

ROLLER.

I almost despaired of the issue.

SCHWEIZER.

We waited till the passages were clear. The whole town went to see the spectacle, on horse-back, on foot, and in carriages. The bell tolled, and the death-dirge sounded at a distance. “Now,” said the captain, “begin! The fellows flew like arrows, set fire to the town in three and thirty places at once, threw burning matches into the powder magazine, into the churches and
barns.

barns. Not a quarter of an hour passed before the north-wind, which must have been piqued against the town, came nobly to our aid, and helped to raise the flame to the highest pinnacles. In the meantime we ran through the streets like furies, cried, Fire! fire! There was such a howling—such shrieks and clamour—the fire-bells began to ring, the powder-magazine blew up as if the earth were rent asunder, or heaven had burst, and hell sunk down ten thousand fathoms deeper.

ROLLER.

And now my attendants began to look about them. There was the town like Sodom and Gomorrah—the whole horizon fire, sulphur, and smoke—the mountains re-echoed round the infernal crack—all fell to the ground panic-struck. I took this opportunity, and fled like the wind.—I was already unbound, so nearly was it over with me, whilst my conductors looked back petrified like Lot's wife. I rushed away—broke through the mob—off I was! ran about sixty paces, threw off my clothes, plunged into the river, and swam under the water till I thought myself out of sight. My captain was ready with horses and fresh clothes—thus I got off.—Moor! Moor! mayst thou soon be in such a pickle, to give me an opportunity of paying you in the same coin.

RAZMAN.

RAZMAN.

A diabolical wish, for which you ought to be hanged: however, it was a joke, that makes one burst with laughter.

ROLLER.

It was help in the time of need: you cannot know how to value it. You should have had—the rope already about the neck—should have marched reluctantly towards the grave like me, and beheld every diabolical preparation, and all the ceremonies of hanging, moving slowly and timidly onwards nearer and nearer towards the cursed machine; there was I to be lodged, frightfully exposed to the beams of the morning-sun.—And then too the lowering looks of hangmen's boys! The horrible music still rings in my ears—and the croaking of a thousand hungry ravens that had left the carcase of my half-rotten predecessors, and all—all that.—No! for all the treasures of Mammon I would not undergo it a second time. To die is something more than a harlequin's caper, and the fear of death is worse than death itself.

SPIEGELBERG.

And the blowing up of the powder-magazine—it was this caused such a stench of sulphur for miles around, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was hung up in the air.

SCHWEIZER.

SCHWEIZER.

If the town delights in seeing a comrade of mine butchered like a hunted boar—why the devil! shall we trouble our consciences about letting the town suffer for the sake of our comrade? Know you, Schufterle, how many deaths it has cost?

SCHUFTERLE.

Eighty-three, they say. The magazine alone blew about sixty of them to pieces.

MOOR.

[Very seriously.]

Roller, thou art purchased very dear.

SCHUFTERLE.

Pish! But what is that?—Yes, if they had been men indeed—But there were new-born puling infants; shrivelled old women that drove the flies from them, and old greybeards who could not find the door. All that had nimble feet flew out to see the execution, and only the dregs of the town remained behind to take care of the houses.

MOOR.

Oh the poor vermin!—Greybeards didst thou say? and infants?

SCHUFTERLE.

Yes, the Devil! and moreover sick women in child-bed, and some that were just about to be confined. As I happened to pass by one of the
little

little barracks, I heard a squalling : I started, and looked in to see what it was. Behold, it proved to be a child yet safe and sound, that was lying on the floor under the table, and the table was just then catching fire ; " Poor little animal ! " said I, " you are dying for cold here, " and threw it into the flames.

MOOR.

Did you indeed, Schufferle?—Then may that flame burn in thy breast till eternity grows grey. Be gone, monster ! Be never again seen in my band ! [*A murmur arises.*] Do you murmur ? Do you hesitate ? Who hesitates when I command ? Away with him, I say !—There are some more among you who are ripe for my resentment. I know you too, Spiegelberg. But I soon will be amongst you, and hold a frightful muster.

[*Exeunt trembling.*]

SCENE X.

[*MOOR alone, much agitated, walks quickly up and down.*]

MOOR.

Hear them not, avenger in Heaven !—How can I help it ? How canst thou help it if thy plagues—thy famines—thy floods—devour the righteous
with

with the wicked? Who can command the flame, that it shall not rage through the fields of good men, when it is to destroy a nest of hornets?—Here stands the boy, red with shame, despised before the eye of Heaven, who dared to play with the thunderbolt of Jupiter, and overthrew pigmies where he should have crushed Titans.—Go, go! Thou art not the man to direct the avenging sword of the Almighty—thou wert confounded at the first grasp!—Here I renounce the rash design, and hasten to conceal myself in some cavern of the earth, where even the light of day shall shrink back at my infamy. *[Is going off.]*

SCENE XI.

Enter ROLLER, hastily.

ROLLER.

Take care of yourself, captain; there is something in the wind. Whole troops of Bohemian horsemen swarm about the forest.—The devil *must have betrayed us.

* *The Devil; literally, the Blue Stocking of Hell.*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

[GRIMM, *the FOREGOING.*]

GRIMM:

Captain! Captain! they have found our track.
Several thousands of them form a cordon round
the middle of the forest.

SCENE XIII.

[SPIEGELBERG, *the FOREGOING.*]

SPIEGELBERG.

Oh, poor souls that we are! We are taken,
broken on the wheel, drawn, and quartered!
Thousands of hussars, dragoons, and rifle-men,
appear on the heights, and beset all the passages.

[*Exit MOOR.*]

SCENE XIV.

[SCHWEIZER, RAZMAN, SCHUFTERLE, *and a
troop of Robbers from the opposite side.*]

SCHWEIZER.

Have we then at last roused them from their
sleep? Rejoice, Roller! This is what I have

G

long

long desired, to exchange a few cuts with some of these hireling knights.—Where is the captain? Is the whole band together? Have we powder enough?

RAZMAN.

Loads of powder.—But there are no more than eighty of us in all, and scarcely one to twenty of them.

SCHWEIZER.

So much the better. They risk their lives for fixpence a-day, we fight for life and liberty. We'll upon them like a flood, and fire down on their heads lightning.—Where, the devil! Where's the captain?

SPIEGELBERG.

He abandons us in our distress. Have we then no longer any chance of escaping?

SCHWEIZER.

Escape? I wish you may be suffocated in the mud, cowardly soul! You always make a great deal of noise, but as soon as you see danger approaching—Coward! show thyself now, or we'll sew thee up in a boar's skin, and have thee hunted to death.

RAZMAN.

The captain! the captain!

SCENE

SCENE XV.

[MOOR, *the* FOREGOING.]

MOOR.

[*In a low voice to himself.*]

I have let them be entirely surrounded, now they must fight like desperadoes. [*Aloud.*] Now my lads! Now is the time! We are lost, or we must fight like wounded boars.

SCHWEIZER.

Ha! I will tear open their bellies with my tusks.—Lead us on, captain! we will follow you into the jaws of death.

MOOR.

Charge all the muskets—There is no want of powder?

SCHWEIZER. [*Starts up.*]

Powder enough to blow the earth up to the moon.

RAZMAN.

Every man has five brace of loaded pistols, and three rifle-guns besides.

MOOR.

Well, well. Now then a party of you must climb up the trees, while others hide in the thickets, and fire upon them in ambuscade.

G 2

SCHWEIZER.

SCHWEIZER.

That's your post, Spiegelberg.

MOOR.

The rest of us, like furies, will charge them in the flanks.

SCHWEIZER.

Among them am I—I.

MOOR.

In the mean time sound all your whistles; scour about the forest, that our number may appear more formidable; then let all the hounds loose, and set them on their ranks; throw them into confusion, and force them within shot of you. We three, Roller, Schweizer, and I, fight in the hottest part of the battle.

SCENE XVI.

[*The FOREGOING. Enter a COMMISSARY.*]

GRIMM.

Look there comes already one of the bull-dogs of justice stalking towards us.

SCHWEIZER.

Down with him! Don't let him speak a word with us.

MOOR.

MOOR.

Be silent! I will hear him.

COMMISSARY.

With your permission, gentlemen, I am an officer of justice. Without the forest are eight hundred men, who guard every hair of my head.

SCHWEIZER.

A terrible story this to keep one's stomach warm.

MOOR.

Silence, comrade! Speak briefly, Sir. What may be your commands?

COMMISSARY.

The power that pronounces upon life and death sends me hither.—One word to you, two to the band,

MOOR.

[Leans upon his sword.]

Proceed.

COMMISSARY.

Desperate man! Does not the blood of a count of the empire, murdered by thee, still stain thy accursed fingers? Hast thou not broken open the sanctuary of the Lord with thy sacrilegious hands, and stolen, like a villain, the sacred vessels of the Lord's Supper? How! Hast thou not cast fire-brands about our godly city, and blown up the powder magazine over the heads of wor-

thy christians?—[*with his hands clasped together.*]—
Dreadful—dreadful crimes! They smell to Heaven*, give new terrors to the last day of judgment, whose vengeance shall rapidly burst forth, eager for punishment, eager for the sound of the trumpet.

MOOR.

Thus far masterly—but to the business—What does the supreme magistracy desire you to announce?

COMMISSARY.

What you are not worthy to receive.—Look around you, incendiaries! as far as eye can reach, you are surrounded by our cavalry.—There is now no room to escape: as certain as that cherries will not grow upon these oak-trees, and that these fir-trees will not produce peaches, so certain is it that you must all yield to this irresistible force.

MOOR.

Do you hear this, Schweizer and Roller?—
But go on!

COMMISSARY.

Hear then, captain, how benevolently, how indulgently, justice will proceed with you. If you will yet submit, and implore lenity and pardon, the rigour of the law shall change to mercy,

* Oh, my offence is rank—it smells to heaven.

HAMLET.

justice

justice will be like a fond mother—it closes its eyes on more than half your crimes, and is satisfied.—Think on it!—and is satisfied if you are *only broken upon the wheel.*

SCHWEIZER.

Did you hear that, captain? Shall I go and squeeze the throat of this hang-dog, till the blood spurt out from every pore?

ROLLER.

Captain!—Thunder, hell, and fury!—Captain! How he bites his under lip! Shall I twist this fellow in the air like a nine-pin.

MOOR.

Leave him! Let no one touch him!—[*To the Commissary.*] Look, Sir! Here stand seventy-nine men: I am their captain. None of them have been accustomed to the parade or the word of command, nor have they been taught to dance to the sound of cannon. Without stand eight hundred, grown old in arms.—But hear now. Thus speaks Moor, the murderous incendiary captain: “ True it is I killed an Imperial Count, have set fire to the Dominican’s church, have pilaged it, have thrown fire-brands into your bigotted town, have blown up the powder magazine over the heads of good Christians—But that is not all: I have done still more. [*He stretches out his right hand.*] “ Behold these four precious rings
which

which I wear on each finger.—This ruby I pulled from off the finger of a minister, whom I cut down while hunting at the feet of his prince. He raised himself from the lowest station to the place of first favourite—the downfall of his neighbour was the ladder to his greatness—many tears of orphans flowed on his account. This diamond I drew from the finger of a treasurer-general, who sold places of honour and employments to the highest bidder, and pushed from his door the lamenting patriot. This agate I wear in honour of a priest, whom I assassinated with my own hand, for lamenting in his pulpit that the Inquisition had fallen so much into disrepute.” I could relate to you many more stories of my rings, did I not already repent the few words which I have wasted on you.

COMMISSARY.

That a malefactor should be thus proud!

MOOR.

Hear me again—I will now speak proudly.—Go, and tell your high supreme magistracy, which throws the die over life and death, I am no thief, who conspires with sleep and midnight, and makes his way into houses with rope ladders.—What I have done, I shall without doubt at some time or other read in the register of heaven: but with your abominable judges I will not waste another

ther word. Tell them, my object is retaliation, my aim, revenge—[*He turns from him.*]

COMMISSARY.

You will then obtain neither lenity nor pardon.—Well, with you I have done—[*addresses himself to the band.*] Hear, then, what justice announces to you! If you will this moment deliver up this malefactor, your crimes shall be pardoned till the day of retribution. The holy church will receive you into her maternal bosom with renewed love, and every one of you shall be rewarded with some honourable post. Ready yourselves, there is the general pardon signed. [*He gives Schweizer a paper with an air of triumph and gaiety.*] Well then, your Honour, how do you like that?—Be quick! Bind him, and be free!

MOOR.

Do you hear this?—This? Why do you hesitate? You are offered freedom, and you are already prisoners.—You are offered life, and it is not merely vaunting, for you are already condemned.—You are promised honours and employments; and on the other hand what can you expect, if you even escape, but infamy, curses, and persecution? Pardon from heaven is announced to you—you are already condemned. There is not a hair upon your heads that will not go to the devil. Do you hesitate still? Are you still in doubt? Is it thus difficult to choose between
heaven

heaven and hell? Assist me to persuade them, dear Sir.

COMMISSARY.

What devil is it that speaks within him? The fellow makes me mad.

MOOR.

How? Still no answer? Are you thinking of cutting your way through by force of arms? Look but around you—look but around? that you will not venture to attempt at present, that were now childish presumption.—Or do you flatter yourselves to fall like heroes, because you perceived that I was eager for the battle? Oh, believe it not! There is not one of you a Moor—you are abominable thieves! miserable instruments of my higher plans, like the detestable rope in the hands of the executioner. Thieves cannot fall like heroes—thieves must tremble at death!—Hark! how their trumpets sound! See how vauntingly their swords blaze around you! How? Still irresolute? Are you mad? Are you deprived of your senses?—I thank you not for my life, I am ashamed of your sacrifice.—[*Trumpets are heard from a distance.*]

COMMISSARY.

[*With great astonishment.*]

I shall go mad—I cannot stay! Whoever before heard of such things?

MOOR.

MOOR.

Or perhaps you fear I should kill myself, and cancel this agreement with you, which holds good only to the living—by suicide? No, my friends, that's a groundless fear. Here I throw away my dagger, my pistols, and this little vial of poison, which might still be of service.—What, still irresolute? Or do you believe, perhaps, I should defend myself against you if you were to attempt to seize me? Behold! here I bind my right hand to this branch of oak: I am entirely helpless, a child might throw me on the ground. Who is the first to abandon his captain?

ROLLER.

[In wild emotion.]

Not if hell should surround us!—*[brandishes his sword.]*—He that is no cur let him save his captain?

SCHWEIZER.

[Tears the pardon, and throws the pieces into the Commissary's face.]

Our pardon shall issue from the muzzles of our muskets. Be gone, rascal! Tell the senate, who sent thee, thou didst not find in Moor's band one single traitor.—Save, save the captain!

ALL. *[Shouting].*

Save, save, save the captain!

MOOR.

MOOR.

[Unbinding himself in a transport of joy.]

Now, comrades, we are free ! This single arm
shall be a host—Death or freedom ! At least they
shall not have one of us alive.—*They sound the at-
tack. Noise and tumult.*

[Exeunt omnes with drawn swords.]

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

[*The garden. AMELIA pensive; FRANCIS following her; both in deep mourning.*]

FRANCIS.

HERE again already! capricious enthusiast? You have stolen yourself away from the joyous feast, and marred the happiness of the guests.

AMELIA.

It is pity such innocent happiness should be lessened. The death-bell, which solemnly tolled thy father to his grave, is still sounding in my ears.

FRANCIS.

Will you then weep for ever? Leave the dead to sleep in peace, and make the living happy.—I am come—

AMELIA.

And when dost thou go again?

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

Oh, misery! assume not such a proud and gloomy countenance! You afflict me, Amelia! I am come to say—

AMELIA.

I must hear then, for Francis Moor is become a noble lord.

FRANCIS.

Yes, indeed, that was the subject I was about to mention to you.—Maximilian is sleeping in the grave of his forefathers. I am master. But I should wish to be so entirely, Amelia.—You know what you have been in our house—you have been treated as Count Moor's only daughter; his love for you survived death itself—that you can never forget.

AMELIA.

Never, never! Who could thoughtlessly drown the remembrance of so much goodness!

FRANCIS.

The affection of the father you must repay to his sons, and Charles is dead.—Do you start? Are you amazed? Yes, indeed, the thought is so highly flattering, that it subdues even the pride of a woman. Francis spurns beneath his feet the offers of the noblest ladies—Francis comes and offers to a poor and helpless orphan,
his

his heart, his hand, and with his hand his wealth, his castles, and his forests.—Francis the envied, the feared, voluntarily declares himself the slave of Amelia.

AMELIA.

Why did not some thunderbolt cleave in two the abominable tongue, while it dared to pronounce those execrable words! Thou hast murdered my beloved, and shall Amelia call thee husband!—Thee!

FRANCIS.

Not so violent, most gracious princess.—True, Francis does not stoop to you like a cooing Celandon—Most true, he has not learned, like a plaintive Arcadian shepherd, to sigh out his amorous moans to caves and rocks.—Francis speaks, and if he is not answered, he—commands.

AMELIA.

Poor worm! command! command me! What if the command should be answered with scorn and contempt?

FRANCIS.

That it shall not be. There are means, I know there are means of humbling the pride of a capricious imagination—walls and cloisters!

AMELIA.

Bravo! Excellent!—Walls and cloisters!—Yes, to be for ever freed from thy basilisk looks,
with

with leisure to think on Charles—to hang on him.—Welcome walls! welcome cloisters!

FRANCIS.

Ha, ha! Is it so?—Beware! you have taught me the art of tormenting you. This perpetual hankering after Charles, the sight of me (like a fire-haired fury) shall chace from your mind; the terrible Francis shall lower in ambush behind the picture of your lover—like the enchanted hound, that watches over buried treasures. I will drag you by the hair to the chapel, and sword in hand will I there extort the nuptial oath.

AMELIA.

[Gives him a blow on the ear.]

Take this first for your dowry.

FRANCIS.

[Enraged.]

Ha! That shall be tenfold and ten thousand fold revenged! My spouse!—no, you shall not have that honour—you shall be my mistress—the honest peasant's wives shall point at you as you walk in the streets.—Gnash your teeth—scatter fire and destruction from your eyes—a woman's rage delights me; it makes you more handsome—more desirable.—Come, this resistance will adorn my triumph, and season my voluptuousness with forced embraces.—Come to the altar! This moment

ment shalt thou go with me. [*Going to drag her away.*]

AMELIA.

[*Falls on his neck.*]

Pardon me, Francis!—[*As he is going to embrace her, she snatches the sword from his side, and steps back hastily.*] Look, villain, what I can now make of thee!—I am a woman, but an exasperated woman. If thou dar'st approach me, this steel shall pierce thy bosom, while the spirit of my uncle shall direct my hand.—Away from this place! [*She drives him out.*]

AMELIA.

Ah! all is well with me again! Now I can breathe freely. I feel myself strong as the fire-breathing courser—as the tigress pursuing the desperate robber that has deprived her of her young. “To a cloister!” said he.—Thanks for this happy discovery. Now has disappointed love found a sanctuary—a cloister is the sanctuary of disappointed love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

The Banks of the Danube.

[*The ROBBERS lying down upon an Eminence under the Trees, their Horses feeding on the Hill.*]

MOOR.

Here I must remain. [*Throws himself on the ground.*] My limbs, how wearied! my tongue, how parched! I would fain ask you to fetch me a draught of water from that stream, but you are all faint to death. [*SCHWEIZER has withdrawn unobserved during MOOR's speech, to fetch him some water.*]

GRIMM.

The wine too in our pouches is all gone,—
How gloriously the sun sets yonder!

MOOR.

[*With energy and animation.*]

Thus dies a hero, worthy of adoration!

GRIMM.

You seem deeply moved.

MOOR.

When I was a boy, it was the favourite wish of my heart to live like him—to die like him. [*Much agitated.*] It was a boyish notion.

GRIMM.

GRIMM.

I hope so.

MOOR.

[Draws his hat over his face.]

There was a time—Leave me, comrades!

GRIMM.

Moor! Moor! What the devil!—How he changes colour!

RAZMAN.

All the devils in hell! What's the matter with him? Is he ill?

MOOR.

There was a time—I could not sleep if I had forgot my evening prayers.

GRIMM.

Are you mad? Will you suffer yourself to be tutored by your boyish years?

MOOR.

[Lays his hand upon Grimm's breast.]

Brother! Brother!

GRIMM.

How! Don't be a child, I entreat thee.

MOOR.

I would I were a child again!

GRIMM.

Fie! Fie! Recover thyself! Behold this romantic landscape—this lovely evening!

H 2

MOOR.

MOOR.

Ah, friends this world is so beautiful!

GRIMM.

That was well spoken.

MOOR.

This earth so charming!

GRIMM.

Right, right; I like to hear you.

MOOR.

And I so deformed in this beauteous world!
And I a monster upon this delightful earth!
[*Falling backwards.*—The lost son!

GRIMM.

Oh, misery! misery!

MOOR.

My innocence! my innocence! Behold, every
thing around is gay, and enjoying the reviving
breath of spring. Why do I alone inhale the
blast of hell in this blissful heaven?—All seems
happy! The spirit of peace pervades and con-
nects all! The whole world is but one family
with one father.—But alas! not a father to me!
I alone am the rejected, the lost son! I alone
am singled out from the kingdom of the righ-
teous—[*Wildly starting back.*—Hedged in by
murderers—hisped at by serpents—rivetted to
vice with chains of iron!

RAZMAN.

RAZMAN.

[To the others.]

Incomprehensible! I never saw him so before.

MOOR.

[With grief.]

O that I could return into my mother's womb!
that I were born a beggar! No, I should wish
nothing more!—Oh, heaven! that I were as
yon day-labourer! Oh, I would toil till the
blood should trickle down from my temples—to
purchase the happiness of a few hours sleep—the
heart-felt delight of one single tear!

GRIMM.

[To the others.]

Patience! The paroxysm is subsiding already.

MOOR.

There was a time when they flowed so freely
from me.—Oh, days of peace! My father's cas-
tle—and ye green romantic vales! Oh Elysian
scenes of my past days! never will you return!
never return to cool my agonizing bosom with
your balmy breath!—Nature, mourn with me!
They will never return—never will they cool this
burning bosom!—Gone! gone! irrecoverably
gone!

SCENE

"Another Translation"

Or born anew the lowliest Peasant! I would toil till
the blood roll'd from my temples to purchase
the luxury of a moon-tide slumber, the
capture of one solitary tear—
H.B.

SCENE III.

[*The FOREGOING. SCHWEIZER, who comes back with water in his hat.*]

SCHWEIZER.

Drink, captain. Here is water in plenty, and as cold as ice.

GRIMM.

You bleed.—What have you been doing?

SCHWEIZER.

'Tis nothing—a mere jest—though it might have cost me both my legs and my neck. As I was running along the bank of a river, the ground gave way under my feet, and I tumbled headlong down a precipice ten yards deep. There I lay, and when I began to put my five senses in order again, I spied some of the clearest water in the gravel I ever beheld. Enough for this trip, thought I, it will be refreshing to my captain.

MOOR.

[*Gives him back his hat, and wipes his face.*]

Why, one can hardly perceive the scars which the Bohemian cavalry gave you in the face.—Thy water was good, Schweizer—Those cuts become you well.

SCHWEIZER.

SCHWEIZER.

Pho ! there is still room for thirty more such,

MOOR.

Yes, comrades, 'it was a hot evening, and but one friend lost to me. My Roller died a noble death. They would place a marble stone over his remains, if he had not died for me. But let us be satisfied.—[*He wipes his eyes.*] How many were there of the enemy who were left dead upon the field?

SCHWEIZER.

Sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, about forty rifle-men : two hundred in all.

MOOR.

Two hundred for one !—Every one has a claim upon this head.—[*He uncovers his head.*]—Here I lift up my dagger ! as my soul liveth, I never will forsake you.

SCHWEIZER.

Don't swear ! Perhaps you may still be happy, and repent of—

MOOR.

By the bones of my lost Roller, I never will abandon you !

SCENE

SCENE IV.

[*The FOREGOING. Enter KOSINSKY.*]

KOSINSKY. [*To himself.*]

Hereabout, they say, I shall find him.—Ha! Holla! What faces are those? What if these are them!—I will speak to them.

GRIMM.

Take heed—Who comes here?

KOSINSKY.

Gentlemen, pardon me! I don't know if I am right or not?

MOOR.

And who must we be if you are right?

KOSINSKY.

Men.

SCHWEIZER.

Have we shewn ourselves so, captain?

KOSINSKY.

I seek men who stare death in the face, and let dangers play around them like tame snakes; who value liberty more than life and honour—whose bare name is welcome to the poor and oppressed—who make the valiant fly, and tyrants turn pale.

SCHWEIZER.

SCHWEIZER.

[To the captain.]

The fellow pleases me.—Hark ye, my friend,
you have found your men.

KOSINSKY.

I think so, and I hope—my brothers.—Then
show me the man I am looking for: I want your
captain, the great Count Moor.

SCHWEIZER.

[Gives him his hand with warmth.]

My dear boy, we shall soon become brothers.

MOOR.

[Coming nearer.]

Do you know the captain, then?

KOSINSKY.

Thou art he—Who sees that countenance need
look no farther—*[Fixes his eyes a long while on him.]*
I always have desired to behold the man with the
look that threatened destruction, as if he sat on
the ruins of Carthage.—Now I am fully satis-
fied.

SCHWEIZER.

A brave fellow!

MOOR.

And what brings you to me?

KOSINSKY.

Oh, captain! my more than cruel fate.—I
have been shipwrecked on the tumultuous ocean of
this

this world, have seen all the hopes of my life perish, and nothing now remains to me but the honour of reflecting on what is past; which recollection were I to encourage it, would drive me mad, but I try to drown it in other deeds.

MOOR.

Another outcast of mankind!—But go on.

KOSINSKY.

I became a soldier. There also misfortune persecuted me. I ventured a voyage to the East Indies; my vessel struck upon the rocks—nothing but frustrated hopes! At last I heard of your valiant deeds—deeds of murder and rapine, as they were called, and I came directly hither, though more than two hundred miles, with the determination to serve under you. I entreat you accept my services—Worthy captain, do not reject me.

SCHWEIZER.

[Starting up.]

Huzza! huzza! Then our Roller is made good again ten-fold. An excellent companion* for our band.

MOOR.

What is your name?

KOSINSKY.

Kosinsky.

* Companion, literally, Murder-Brother.

MOOR.

MOOR.

How? Kosinsky? Do you know that you are a thoughtless boy, and are taking the most decisive step in your life with no more consideration than a foolish maiden?—You will not here amuse yourself with shuttle-cocks or nine-pins, as you may fancy perhaps.

KOSINSKY.

I know what you would say.—Although I have not yet seen four-and-twenty summers, yet have I beheld shining swords, and heard cannon balls whistle about my ears.

MOOR.

Indeed, young gentleman! And have you learnt the art of fencing only, to strike poor travellers to the ground for a rix-dollar, or murder helpless women? Go, go! You have run away from your nurse, because she threatened you with the rod.

SCHWEIZER.

What the Devil, captain! what are you thinking of? Will you send away this Hercules? Does he not look exactly as if he would drive the great Alexander over the Ganges with a wooden spoon?

MOOR.

Because your idle schemes miscarried, you come here, and would turn villain! assassin!—Murder! Boy, do you understand that word
aright?

aright? You might sleep in quiet had you beat to the ground a few poppies, but to bear a murder on your soul!—

KOSINSKY.

I will freely answer for every murder that you bid me commit.

MOOR.

What? Are you so forward? Will you take upon yourself to betray a man by flattery? How do you know that I have no frightful dreams, or that I shall not turn pale upon my death-bed? What have you already done, that has made you think thus lightly of what you have to answer for?

KOSINSKY.

In truth very little as yet.—But consider the long journey I have made in search of you, noble Count!

MOOR.

Has your tutor put into your hands the story of Robin Hood? The foolish scoundrels ought to be chained to the gallies who have thus heated your boyish fancy, and infected you with the mad desire of becoming a hero. Are you pleased with the thought of a great and honourable name. Will you purchase immortality amongst murderers and incendiaries? Remember this, infatuated youth! no laurels bloom for incendiaries—for banditti—their victories are attended

attended with no triumphs—but with curses, dangers, death, infamy.—Do you behold yon gallows upon the hill?

SPIEGELBERG.

[*Angrily, walking up and down.*]

How stupid! How unpardonably stupid! That's not the way: I have managed better with my recruits.

KOSINSKY.

What shall he fear, who does not fear death?

MOOR.

Bravo! excellent! You have acted your part well in the schools—you have learnt your Seneca by rote in a masterly style.—But, dear friend, with these sentences you will never sooth suffering nature—with these you will never blunt the arrows of pain.—Consider well, my son.—[*He takes hold of his hand.*]*—*Reflect, I advise you as a father. Learn first to fathom the abyss before you leap into it. If you know in this world of one single remaining chance of happiness to grasp at—the moments may come when you will awake—and then—it may be too late. Here you tread beyond the circle of humanity: you must either become a more exalted being, or you must become a devil. Once more, my son! If but one spark of hope glimmers

glimmers for you elsewhere, leave this horrible band. Sometimes we may deceive ourselves—believe me, we may fancy that to be fortitude of mind which in the end is nothing but despair.—Believe me, believe me! and leave us immediately.

KOSINSKY.

No! From this place I will not move. If entreaties move you not, then hear the history of my woe—You will yourself then force the dagger into my hand—you will—Sit down upon the grass, and listen to me attentively.

MOOR.

We will hear you.

KOSINSKY.

Know then, I am a Bohemian nobleman, and became, by the early death of my father, master of a large domain. The country was a paradise, for it contained an angel—a female adorned with all the charms of blooming youth, and chaste as the light of heaven. Though to whom am I speaking all this?—To you it is but a passing sound—you have never loved, you have never been beloved.

SCHWEIZER.

Softly, softly! Our captain waxes red as fire,

MOOR.

MOOR.

No more! I will hear it another time—to-morrow—sometime hence, or as soon as I have seen blood.

KOSINSKY.

Blood! blood!—Listen still farther! Blood, I tell you, will fill your whole soul. She was of plebeian race, a German—But the sight of her melted away all the prejudices of noble birth. She received the marriage ring with the most timid modesty, and the day following was I to have led my Amelia to the altar. [*Moor starts up.*] In the midst of this dream of ineffable happiness which awaited me, in the midst of all the preparations for the nuptials, I was ordered by an express to attend at court. I went thither. They shewed me letters which I must have written, they said, full of traitorous contents. I blushed at such malice—They took my sword from me, dragged me to prison—my senses left me.

SCHWEIZER.

And in the mean time—but go on. I smell the joke already.

KOSINSKY.

There I had already remained one month, and knew not the cause of my imprisonment. I was anxious for my Amelia, who I knew was in great trouble of mind on account of my fate, and

and suffered the pains of death every moment. At last the prime minister of the court came to me, congratulated me upon the discovery of my innocence—with words sweet as honey read me the letter of my liberation, and gave me back my sword. Now, then, to fly in triumph to my castle—to fly into the arms of my Amelia—She had vanished. In the dead of night she had been carried off, no one knew where, and since that moment had been seen no more. This account struck me like a thunderbolt. I flew to the town, approached the court with secrecy—all eyes were rivetted upon me—nobody would give me any information. At last I spied her through a secret lattice of the palace—she threw me down a small billet.

SCHWEIZER.

Did I not say so?

KOSINSKY.

Hell and destruction! The contents—they gave her the choice, whether she would see me die, or become the mistress of the Prince. In the struggle between honour and love, she consented to the latter, and—[*laughing*]~~—I~~—was saved.

SCHWEIZER.

What did you upon this?

KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY.

I stood as one struck with a thousand terrors.—
Blood was my first, Blood my last thought !
Foaming with rage I returned home, seized a
three-edged sword, and hurried to the minister's
house, for he only could have been the diabo-
lical pander. They must have perceived me from
the window, for when I ran up stairs, all the
rooms were locked. I searched—enquired—the
answer was, that he was gone to the Prince. I
made the best of my way thither—they knew
nothing about him. I returned, burst open his
door, found him, would have—but there sprung
upon me from behind five or six footmen, and
wrenched the weapon from my hands.

SCHWEIZER.

[Stamping violently.]

And he had nothing for his pains, while you
came back exactly as you went ?

KOSINSKY.

I was apprehended, accused, proceeded against
as a criminal, sentenced—only to be disgraced—
through particular favour.—Mark that—disgrac-
ed and banished the territories. My estates fell
to the minister as a reward, my Amelia remains
in the jaws of the tyger, sighs and moans away
her life, while my revenge must fast, and cringe
beneath the yoke of despotism.

I

SCHWEIZER.

SCHWEIZER.

[*Rising, and sharpening his sword.*]

This is water for our mill, captain! There is some business here for the incendiaries.

MOOR

[*Who till now had been walking up and down in terrible agitation, quickly to the Robbers.*]

I must see her!—Up!—prepare.—You remain with us, Kosinsky—Prepare to march without delay.

ROBBERS.

Whither? Where?

MOOR.

Where? Who asks that question? [*Fiercely to Schweizer.*—Traitor? Wilt thou keep me back? Never—but in my hopes of heaven!

SCHWEIZER.

I a traitor!—Go to hell, and I will follow you.

MOOR.

[*Falls upon his neck.*]

Kind soul! Thou art indeed faithful to me.
“She weeps, she moans away her life.”—Off!
Quick! All! towards Franconia! In eight days we must be there.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A Gallery in Moor's Castle.

[CHARLES DE MOOR in disguise, under the name of COUNT BRAND, standing with AMELIA before a picture; the habit of a Nun lying upon the table.]

MOOR.

[*Much agitated.*]

An excellent man!

AMELIA.

Count Brand seems to feel much interested in that portrait.

MOOR.

[*Viewing it with great emotion.*]

Oh! a most excellent man—a godlike man!
—And is he indeed dead?

AMELIA.

Dead—as all our best friends are—[*gently taking his hand.*]
—Count, there is no such thing as complete happiness in this world.

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MOOR.

MOOR.

Very true—very true.—But have you already had such dreadful experience? You cannot yet have seen two-and-twenty summers.

AMELIA.

Yes, I have had such experience—all live but to die in sorrow. We toil for no other end—we interest ourselves for no other purpose than that which we are to lose again with regret.

MOOR.

[Looking on her stedfastly.]

Have you already had any loss that thus afflicts you?

AMELIA.

I have lost all.—No—no, nothing.

MOOR.

And will you learn to forget your loss in that habit?

AMELIA.

To-morrow, I hope.—Shall we pass on, Count?

MOOR.

Why in such haste?—Whose picture is that on the right-hand? It seems to be an unfortunate countenance.

AMELIA.

That picture on the left hand is the son of the count,—the present lord.

MOOR.

MOOR. children—Here the happy
The only son?

AMELIA. of my father, have since then died
Pass on—pass on!

MOOR. by—Now thou hast him a man, and
But that picture on the right-hand?

AMELIA. of the huge, robes
Will you not walk in the garden?

MOOR. —not one kiss from
But that picture on the right-hand?—You
weep, Amelia—*[Amelia goes out precipitately.]*

SCENE II.

MOOR. *[Alone.]*

She loves me! She loves me! The tears
that steal down her cheeks betray her! She loves
me! Is not this the sofa on which I hung with
rapture upon her neck? Are not these my father's
apartments? The golden summer of my child-
hood revisits my miserable soul—Here thou
shouldst have been, a great—a wealthy—an en-
vied man. Here thou shouldst have lived over
again thy boyish years in Amelia's blooming
children—

children—Here the idol of thy happy dependents—No! I return to my misery.—Dear abode of my father, farewell! Once thou didst foster the boy Charles, and the boy Charles was happy—Now thou dost behold him a man, and he is in despair.—*[He turns quickly to the farthest end of the stage, where he stops suddenly, in deep sorrow.]* Never more to see her!—Not one more farewell—not one kiss from her sweet lips! No! yet once more I must see her—embrace her, though it overwhelm me! I must once more sip the intoxicating draught of extasy, and then away—as far as ocean can waft me, and despair hurry me. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.

FRANCIS MOOR.

[In deep thought.]

Away thou horrid spectre! away!—Cowardly fool! at what dost thou tremble? and at whom? During the few hours that Count Brand has passed within my walls, I have felt as if some spy of hell were constantly at my heels.—Methinks I ought to know him! There is something in him that is great and noble—something that I have seen before in that wild sun-burnt countenance—

nance—something that makes me shudder.—[*He walks up and down—at last rings the bell.*]—Holla! Francis! beware! behind thee lurks some secret monster, big with destruction!

SCENE IV.

[*The FOREGOING. Enter DANIEL.*]

DANIEL.

What are your commands, my lord?

FRANCIS.

[*After having looked at him stedfastly for some time.*]

Nothing! Begone. Fill me a glass of wine—
be quick. [Exit DANIEL.]

SCENE V.

FRANCIS.

Upon my life the fellow will confess if I torture him on the rack. I will fix my eyes steadily upon him, till his palid cheek shall betray his secret conscience.—[*He stands before the portrait of Charles, examining it.*]—His long goose-neck—his
black

black bushy eyebrows—his fire-darting eyes!—
[*Suddenly shrinking back.*]—All-fearful hell, dost
thou inspire me with the presumptuous thought:
“ This is Charles !”

SCENE VI.

[*Enter DANIEL with wine.*]

FRANCIS.

Set it down—Look me stedfastly in the face!—
How your knees shake! How you tremble!—
Confess, old man—What have you done?

DANIEL.

Nothing, as God lives—By my poor soul, no-
thing.

FRANCIS.

Drink this wine.—What, you hesitate? Come!
quick! What have you put in the wine?

DANIEL.

God help me!—What should I put in the
wine?

FRANCIS.

You have mixed poison with the wine. Are
you not as white as snow? Confess! confess!
who gave it you? Did not the Count?—The
Count gave it you?

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

The Count?—Jefus Maria! The Count has given me nothing.

FRANCIS.

[*Seizes him roughly.*]

I will throttle you, you hoary liar! Nothing! what are you plotting? He, you, and Amelia, what are you for ever whispering about together? Does she not cast more forward glances upon that fellow than she is ever wont to do on other men? Did I not see, as she wept, some stolen tears fall into the wine? Did he not swallow them down as greedily as if he would have devoured the very glafs?—Yes! I saw it—by the reflection from the mirror, I saw it with my own eyes.

DANIEL.

The allwise God knows that I understand not one syllable of all you are saying.

FRANCIS.

Will you deny it? Will you call me liar to my face? What schemes of murder have you been plotting together to put me out of the world? Is it not so? To cut my throat in shaving me? To poison my wine or my chocolate?—Out with it! or to send me to eternal sleep at supper. Out with it this instant! I will know all.

DANIEL.

So help me God, in my last dying moments, I tell you but the truth.

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

For once I will pardon you.—But you do not speak the truth. Did he not put money in your purse? He pressed your hand harder than he need have done? As affectionately as one is wont to press that of an old friend?

DANIEL.

No, never, my master!

FRANCIS.

He told you, for instance, that he already knew something about you—that indeed you ought almost to know him—that at some future time the mist would fall from your eyes—that—What? Did he never utter one word of this kind to you?

DANIEL.

Not the smallest hint.

FRANCIS.

That he would revenge himself—would revenge himself in a horrible manner?

DANIEL.

Not a syllable of it.

FRANCIS.

What! nothing at all? Recollect yourself—that he knew the old lord very well—that he loved him—loved him from his soul—loved him as a son!

DANIEL.

Something of this I remember to have heard from him.

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. [*Terrified.*]
Indeed! indeed! Has he said that he was my brother?

DANIEL.

No, he did not say that. But as the lady conducted him round the gallery, I stood listening at the door—he stopped suddenly before the picture of our poor deceased master, as if struck by lightning. The lady pointed to it, and said—“An excellent man!” Yes, “an excellent man,” he replied: then wiped his eyes.

FRANCIS.

Enough.—Go! run! fly! Fetch Herman hither.

[*Exit* DANIEL.]

SCENE VII.

FRANCIS.

’Tis clear as day. ’Tis Charles!—He will come and say, Where is my inheritance? Have I for this toiled away my nights? Have I for this removed mountains, and filled up vallies? Have I for this become a rebel to all the instincts of humanity, that at last this wretched vagabond should thus stumble into a discovery of all my deep-laid plans? Softly, softly! There

now

now remains nothing but easy work—a little trifling murder. He is a bungler that brings his work only half way to perfection, and then leaves it, and idly stares about, and knows not how to finish what he has begun.

SCENE VIII.

[Enter HERMAN.]

FRANCIS.

Ha! Welcome my Eurypylus! the bold and active hero in all my plans!

HERMAN.

[*Short and peevishly.*]

Did you want me, Count?

FRANCIS.

That you may put the last hand to your masterpiece—

HERMAN. [*Grumbling.*]

Indeed

FRANCIS.

The last stroke of the pencil to the picture.

HERMAN.

Aye?

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. [*Starts.*]
Shall I order the carriage? We can perhaps explain things farther in the course of an airing.

HERMAN. [*Spitefully.*]

There is no occasion to give yourself that trouble—As to what we may have to settle to-day, this foot of ground is sufficient. I could perhaps premise a word or two that would considerably spare your lungs afterwards.

FRANCIS. [*Starting.*]

Ah! and what is that?

HERMAN. [*Tauntingly.*]

“Thou shalt have Amelia—have her from my hand.”—

FRANCIS. [*Astonished.*]

Herman!

HERMAN.

[*In the same tone, turning his back to Francis.*]

Amelia is the sport of my will—you can easily imagine—In short, all goes exactly to our wishes! [*breaking out into an enraged laugh—then turning indignantly to Francis.*]—What have you to say to me, Count Moor?

FRANCIS. [*Avoiding him.*]

Nothing to you—I sent for Herman.

HERMAN.

No shuffling!—Why am I ordered here?—To be again duped, and to hold the ladder for the thief?

thief? To hire myself to a poltroon for a shilling—Is it not so?

FRANCIS.

[*Seeming to recollect himself.*]

Yes—true! But let us not forget the principal business—My chamberlain has probably already hinted to you, that I only wished to hear what you thought concerning the dowry.

HERMAN.

I believe you mock me, or worse, for it is worse if it is not mockery.—Moor, take heed.—Do not exasperate me, Moor. We are alone. I have besides this another account to settle with you. Trust not the devil that you yourself have raised.

FRANCIS. [*With dignity.*]

Is this your behaviour to your lord and master?—Tremble, slave!

HERMAN.

[*With indignant irony.*]

But not at your displeasure.—What is your displeasure to the man who is at war with himself. Shame, Moor! I hate the villain in you already—Do not make me laugh at the fool too. I can open graves, and call the dead to life.—Who is now the slave?

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

[*Very submissively.*]

Friend, be discreet—be not thus faithless.

HERMAN.

Silence! Curses are here the best friendship, and treachery the best faith. Faith! to whom? to an eternal liar.—Oh! I tremble at the idea of such a faith, if a little portion of unfaithfulness had at that time made a saint of me.—But stay. Patience, patience! Revenge is cunning.

FRANCIS.

True, true! I remember you lost a purse not long ago of a hundred *louis d'ors* in this room. I had almost forgotten it. Take it back, friend, it is your own.—[*Forces a purse upon him.*]

HERMAN.

[*Throws it scornfully at his feet.*]

Curse upon this Iscariot-money! It is the earnest money of hell.—You have once before thought of making my poverty a pander to my heart, but you are mistaken, Count, egregiously mistaken: your former purse of money came opportunely enough—it helped me to maintain some people.

FRANCIS. [*Terrified.*]

Herman! Herman! Let me not fancy certain things of you. If you did more than you ought to do, you were execrable, Herman!

HERMAN.

HERMAN. [*Exultingly.*]

Were I? were I, indeed? Well then, I will give you information, Count—[*Significantly.*] 'Tis true, I fatten upon your infamy; it is my feast. Sometime or other I will serve it up for a banquet that the world shall partake of—[*With a malicious smile*—You understand me, I hope, my sovereign, my gracious lord and master!

FRANCIS.

[*Starts up confused.*]

Ha! Perfidious wretch! Foolish gamester!—[*striking his forehead.*]—to let my fortune depend on the caprice of a swindler! That was madness! [*Throws himself into an arm chair.*]

HERMAN.

[*With an air of indifference.*]

Ah! Thou art shrewd! thou art cunning!

FRANCIS. [*Peevishly.*]

Then it is but too—too true! There's no finely-woven web under the sun that snaps so suddenly asunder as the bands of knavery!

HERMAN.

Softly! softly! Have angels then ceased to moralize, that devils should begin?

FRANCIS.

[*Rises quickly, then turns to HERMAN with a malignant laugh.*]

And this discovery will do some people much credit!

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

[Clapping his hands.]

Masterly! Incomparable! You play your game admirably! first to drag the poor credulous fool into the snare, and then cry, Woe to you, sinner!—*[laughing.]*—Oh, how these Belzebubs refine!—Count!—*[Clapping him on the shoulder.]*—We have not yet learnt your lesson.—By heavens! you must first hear what the loser hazards.—“Fire into the powder-magazine,” cries the pirate, “and up into the air with friend and foe!”

FRANCIS.

[Goes suddenly to the wall, and seizes a pistol.]

Here is treachery, deliberate treachery!

HERMAN.

[Takes one from his pocket, and presents it to him.]

Give yourself no trouble. In that case I am provided too.

FRANCIS.

[Lets the pistol fall, and throws himself into his arm chair.]

Only forbear till I—have thought a little more!

HERMAN.

Till you have hired a dozen assassins to silence my tongue for ever? Is it not so?—But—*[In his ear.]*—the secret is in writing, and my heirs will discover it.

[Exit.]

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SCENE

SCENE IX.

FRANCIS. [*Rising.*]

Francis! Francis! What was that? What has become of all thy courage, thy once ready wit? Alas! how truly wretched am I! My creatures too betray me. The pillars of my fortune begin to give way, and the avenging foe breaks in. Well! my situation demands some bold determination! How? If I myself did it—secretly plunged the sword into his body.—A wounded man can make but a weak resistance—I will venture it—[*He walks hastily to the back of the stage, but suddenly stops in great agitation.*]—Who creeps behind me?—[*turning his eyes horribly,*]—Countenances such as I never beheld—shrill voices—Courage I have, surely—Courage like a——. But if a glass should betray me to myself? or my shadow? or the whistling of the wind, or the shadow of my murderous gesture?—Where! where! My hair stands erect—my knees knock against each other—[*He lets the dagger fall from under his coat.*]—I am not a coward—my heart is too tender—Yes! so it is! 'Tis the
last

last convulsion of dying virtue—I admire it—I must be a monster to lay hands on my only brother—No! no! no! that is too much!—I will honour these remains of humanity within me.—I will not murder him—thou hast triumphed, nature.—I still feel something that resembles natural affection. Let him live! [Exit.]

SCENE X.

A Garden.

[AMELIA alone in an Arbour, to which several Avenues lead.]

AMELIA.

“Thou weepest, Amelia!” And he spoke it with such emphasis—with such expression. It seemed to recal the days of my youth—the golden spring of love blossomed in his words—the nightingale warbled, the flowers bloomed all around, as when lost in happiness I rushed into his arms. Surely, if the spirits of the departed ever walk among us, this stranger is the angel-spirit of my Charles. Seest thou, false, faithless heart, how cunningly thou palliatest thy perjury!—No! no! Away from my soul, im-

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pious

pious thought!—away ye treacherous wishes!
 In the bosom where Charles lies buried shall
 no mortal repose.—Yet! yet! Why are my
 thoughts directed so perpetually, so powerfully
 towards this stranger? Melted—immersed in the
 image of my only one? “Thou weepest, Ame-
 lia!”—Ha! Fly! fly! to-morrow I am a saint!
 [*She rises.*] Saint!—Poor heart! what a word
 was that! Once it played on my ear so sweetly—
 Now, now! thou hast acted the hypocrite, my
 heart! Thou wast wont to persuade me it was
 victory! Dissembling heart! it was—despair—
 [*She sits down on a bench, and hides her face.*]

SCENE XI.

Enter HERMAN through an Avenue.

HERMAN. [*To himself.*]

It is begun—Now let the storm rage on,
 though it should reach my own head—[*Aloud*]—
 Lady Amelia! Lady Amelia!

AMELIA.

[*Shrinks back.*]

Some spy.—What are you seeking here?

HERMAN.

HERMAN.

I bring news—curious, laughable, terrible news. If you are disposed to forgive offences, you shall hear wonders.

AMELIA.

I have no memory for offences—Spare me this news!

HERMAN.

Do you not bewail a lover?

AMELIA.

[Looks at him attentively.]

I am the child of misfortune.—But what motives have you in asking this question?

HERMAN.

[In a low voice.]

Hatred and love.

AMELIA. *[Sorrowfully.]*

Can any one then love in this place?

HERMAN.

[Wildly looking around him.]

To distraction!—Did not an uncle of yours die some little time ago?

AMELIA. *[Tenderly.]*

A father—He loved me like his only daughter.

HERMAN.

They live. *[Rushes out.]*

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Enter CHARLES MOOR through one of the Walks.

AMELIA. [*Starting up.*]

Charles, alive! [*She rushes after HERMAN, and meets Charles.*]

MOOR.

Whither in such haste, lady?

AMELIA.

[*Starts back trembling.*]

Earth sink under me!—'tis he!

MOOR.

I come to take my leave of you. But, Oh Heaven! in what agitation do I find you?

AMELIA.

Go, Count.—No, no, stay—Oh happy had it been had you not come at this moment!—Had you never come.

MOOR.

Should you have been happy, then? Farewel.
[*Turns round quickly.*]

AMELIA. [*Stopping him.*]

For heaven's sake, stay!—I meant not so—
[*Wringing her hands.*—Oh God! Why was it not so?—Count! What has a poor orphan girl done

done to you, that you should make her perjure herself? What has love done to you, that you come to destroy love?

MOOR.

You kill me, lady.

AMELIA.

My heart was pure, till I beheld you.—Oh that these eyes may become blind, that have made my heart thus perjured.

MOOR.

On me—on me this curse! My angel, your eyes are guileless, your heart is innocent.

AMELIA.

His countenance exactly—[*Aside*]!—Count, I entreat you, turn that look away from me, it disturbs my inmost soul. The traitress fancy brings his very self before my eyes.—[*aside*]—Had you come to me in the form of a crocodile, it would have been better for me.

MOOR.

[*With a look expressive of the utmost tenderness.*]

You speak unjustly, maiden.

AMELIA. [*Tenderly.*]

And should you prove false, Count? Should you mock my feeble heart?—Yet, how can falsehood dwell in an eye which resembles *his* eye, as it were its looking-glass.—Ah! would it were so!

so! Happy should I be were I obliged to hate you! Unfortunate, if I dare not love you.

MOOR.

[Presses her hand passionately to his lips.]

AMELIA.

Your kisses burn like fire.

MOOR.

My soul burns in them.

AMELIA.

Go, go! there is yet time.—Strong is the mind of man. Inspire me with all your fortitude, Oh man of intrepid soul!

MOOR.

Your trembling makes the strong weak. 'Tis only here I live—*[Hiding his face on her bosom]*—and here will I die.

AMELIA.

[Much disturbed.]

Be gone—leave me.—What have you done, Man?—Away with your lips—*[She struggles against his embraces.]*—An impious flame creeps through my veins—*[Tenderly and in tears.]*—And why must you come from afar to disturb a love which defied death?—*[She presses him close to her bosom.]*—God forgive thee, young man.

MOOR.

MOOR.

[Hanging on her neck.]

If the separation of the soul from the body resembles this—To die, excels all the joys of life*.

AMELIA. *[Sorrowfully.]*

Here, on this spot where you now stand, he has stood a thousand times at her side, who in him forgot heaven and earth. Here his eye darted all around through exulting nature;—he seemed to feel her benignity, while she increased in beauty under the eye of her Creator. Here he fascinated the nightingales with heavenly music—here from this bush he gathered roses—gathered them for me.—Here, here he lay on my bosom, pressed his burning lips to mine—*[Moor embraces her with violent ardour—they mingle their kisses. He hangs in raptures on her lips, and she sinks half fainting upon the seat.]*—Punish me, Charles! my oath is broken.

MOOR.

[Tears himself from her.]

What hell is it that opens for me? Am I not most happy?—*[Looks wildly upon her.]*

AMELIA.

[Looking upon her ring—she starts up from the seat.]

What! thou too here on the finger of the guilty one! Must thou be a witness how Amelia

* Literally, To die, is the master-piece of life.

sports with perjury!—Away with thee!—*[She tears the ring off her finger, and gives it to Charles.]*
Take it—take it, beloved seducer, and with it my most sacred—my all—my Charles!—*[She falls back upon the seat.]*

MOOR.

[Turning pale.]

Gracious God! this cannot be. It is the same—the very ring I myself gave her as the pledge of our union.—Away with thee, love! I have my ring again.

AMELIA. *[With terror.]*

Oh God! what is the matter with you? Your eyes roll wildly—your lips are pale!—Oh misery! Does the rapture of guilt then pass away so quickly!

MOOR.

[With fortitude.]

Nothing, nothing!—*[Starting up.]*—Still I am a man!—*[He pulls off his own ring, and puts it on Amelia's finger.]*—Here, take this—this sweet fury of my heart, and with it my most sacred—my all—my Amelia.

AMELIA. *[Rising hastily.]*

Your Amelia!

MOOR.

[With tender emotion.]

Oh! she was so beautiful, such a lovely creature, and faithful as an angel. She gave me this
diamond

diamond when I parted from her. I too left a ring with her to be the token of my fidelity. She heard I was dead, and remained faithful to the dead. Again she heard I was living, and became faithful to the living. I flew into her arms—my extasy was more than mortal—Feel the thunderbolt which struck my heart, Amelia! She gives me back my ring, I—gave her back the diamond.

AMELIA.

[Thunderstruck, her eyes fixed upon the ground.]

Strange! horribly strange!

MOOR.

Most horrible! most strange! Good child, much, very much has man to man to learn before he knows the power above him, who laughs at his oaths, and weeps over his fond projects.—My Amelia is a hapless girl.

AMELIA.

Hapless, for she rejected you.

MOOR.

Hapless, in embracing me—hapless for two reasons.

AMELIA.

[In a tender but sorrowful tone.]

Hapless indeed, dearest maiden! She shall be my sister.—But there is still another and a better world.

MOOR.

MOOR.

Where all deceit vanishes, and love has no disguise—Eternity is its name—My Amelia is a hapless maiden!

AMELIA.

[Somewhat peevishly.]

Are all hapless that love you, and are called Amelia?

MOOR.

All, if they think to embrace an angel, and—find in their arms a destroyer.—My Amelia is a hapless maiden.

AMELIA.

[With violent emotion.]

I weep for her!

MOOR.

[Takes her hand, and holds the ring before her eyes.]

Then weep for yourself!—*[Rushes out.]*

AMELIA.

[Recognizing the ring.]

Charles! Charles! Oh heaven and earth!—

[Sinks down—the scene closes.]

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

A FOREST. MIDNIGHT.

[*An old Castle in the front of the stage. The band of ROBBERS lying on the ground. SPIEGELBERG and RAZMAN enter into conversation.*]

RAZMAN.

It grows late, and the captain is not returned yet.

SPIEGELBERG.

A word in confidence, Razman,—Captain, do you say? Who has set him over us as captain? or has he not rather usurped this title, which by right is mine? How! Do we for this risk our lives upon the cast of a die? Have we for this defied all the pale pestilence of fate, that in the end we may think ourselves happy to be the bondsmen of a slave?—the bondsmen who might be princes.—By heavens, Razman, this has never pleased me!

RAZMAN.

By the thunder! nor me.—But what's to be done?

SPIEGELBERG.

Do you ask me that question?—Razman, if you are the man I have always taken you for—

Razman

Razman—They miss him already—almost give him over for lost. Razman—It seems to me his fatal hour approaches. How! Do you not spring into the air when the clock of freedom strikes. How! have you not for once courage enough to take a bold hint?

RAZMAN.

Ah, Satan! in what would you entangle my soul!

SPIEGELBERG.

Do you understand me?—Well, then follow. I have observed the way he took.—Come! Two pistols seldom fail, and then—

SCHWEIZER. [*Starting up.*]

Ah! monster! Full well you remind me of the Bohemian woods!—Wast thou not the coward who began to tremble when they called out—“The enemy advances?” I then cursed you in my soul.—To hell with you, assassin!—
[*They draw their swords, and fight.*]

THE ROBBERS. [*In alarm.*]

Murder! murder!—Schweizer—Spiegelberg—force them asunder!

SCHWEIZER.

[*Stabs Spiegelberg.*]

There! die like a dog!—Peace, comrades—Don't be alarmed at this hare-hunt.—The wretch was always envenomed against our captain, and
has

has not a wound upon his skin.—Ah! damn the rascal! in secret he will assassinate—in secret! Has the sweat run from our brows for this, that we should sneak out of the world like villains? Thou infernal beast! Have we lived in fire and smoke for this, to die at last like rats?

GRIMM.

But, zounds! the captain will be enraged.

SCHWEIZER.

Leave that to me. Schusterle acted in the same manner, but he hangs for it now in Switzerland, as my master foretold to him—[*Firing is heard.*]

GRIMM. [*Jumping up.*]

Hark! a pistol shot!—[*A second shot.*]—Another! Ah! the captain!

KOSINSKY.

Patience! Let him shoot a third time—[*A third shot is heard.*]

GRIMM.

It is he! it is! Retire Schweizer! Let us answer him—[*They sound their horns.*]

SCENE

SCENE XIV.

[*The FOREGOING. Enter MOOR.*]

SCHWEIZER. [*Meets him.*]

Welcome, captain. I have been a little quarrelsome since you went away—[*Leads him to the dead body.*—Be yourself the judge between me and this fellow. He intended to have assassinated you in secret.

MOOR.

[*Gazes earnestly on the corpse, then breaks out hastily.*]

Avenging power! this is thy incomprehensible hand! Was not this the man who sung to me the syren-song?—Consecrate this sword to the God of vengeance.—'Tis not you who have done this, Schweizer.

SCHWEIZER.

Zounds! but I have thought; and by all the devils in hell it is not the worst thing I ever did—[*Throws his sword over the body, and goes away.*]

MOOR. [*Thoughtfully.*]

I comprehend—Ruler of Heaven—I comprehend.—The leaves fall from the tree—my harvest
is

is come.—Take him out of my fight—[*Spiegelberg's body is taken away.*]

GRIM.

Give us orders, Captain, what we shall do now.

MOOR.

Soon—soon all will be fulfilled. Since I was there I have lost myself. Take up your horns and sound them: I must lull myself again with the thoughts of my youth.—Sound, I say!

KOSINSKY.

It is midnight, Captain. Sleep lies like lead upon us. For three days past not an eye has been closed.

MOOR.

Does the balsam of sleep weigh down the eyelids of robbers? Why then does it fly from me? I never was a coward, or a mean and worthless wretch.—Begin! begin, I say!—Let me have music to recover my sinking soul—[*They play a march.* Moor walks up and down deeply agitated, while the music is playing; then interrupts them suddenly.]—Begone! Good-night! To-morrow you shall hear more.

THE ROBBERS.

[*Laying themselves upon the ground.*]

Good-night, Captain—[*They fall asleep.*]

L

SCENE

SCENE XV.

MOOR.

[Alone awake, while there is a deep silence.]

A long—long good-night; no blushing morn will dawn again for me!—Think you I shall tremble, spirits of my murdered victims! I will not tremble. Your feeble dying cries, your distorted features, your terrible gaping wounds, are but so many links of one continued chain of fate; and depend perhaps at last, when the bustle of the day is over, on the caprices of my nurses and preceptors, on the temperament of my father's constitution, on the blood of my mother.—Why has not *Perillus* made an ox of me, that within me the feelings of humanity might have been burnt up—*[He presents the pistol.]*—Time and eternity embrace over this little tube!—Terrible key, that shuts the prison doors of life behind me, and opens to me the habitation of everlasting freedom.—Tell me! oh tell me! Whither—whither wilt thou lead me! To a foreign and unexplored country. Lo! humanity shrinks from the very thought of it—the boundless idea of eternity confounds us; and fancy, the playful imitator

tator of the senses, conjures up a thousand frightful images before our astonished eyes. No, no, a man must not hesitate—Be what thou wilt, nameless futurity, if this consciousness of existence remain with me; be what thou wilt, if this accompanies me to the regions above. The things of eternity are no more than what the fancy chooses to picture them. This consciousness is my heaven and my hell!—*[Starting forward with a fixed countenance.]*—Oh God! Wouldst thou but vouchsafe me some burnt-up corner of the globe, far removed from the eye of man, where the solitary night and the perpetual desert would surround me—I should then fill the silent void with my groanings. I should have an eternity of leisure to anatomize the complicated machine of universal misery.—Or wilt thou lead me through new births, and new scenes of wretchedness, step by step, to annihilation? I am not so well able to cut the thread of life that is woven for me, on the other side, as I am on this.—Thou canst annihilate me! But this power thou canst not take from me—*[He loads the pistol, and suddenly stops.]*—And shall I die for fear of a life of pain? Shall I resign for misery the victory over myself. No! I will endure all!—*[He throws away the pistol.]*—Torment itself is weakened by my pride! My destiny shall be fulfilled!—*[The night becomes still darker, and a bell strikes twelve.]*

SCENE XVI.

[Enter HERMAN, who passes through the wood; afterwards the voice of OLD MOOR is heard from the Tower.]

HERMAN.

Hark! hark! terribly howls the bird of night! The village clock strikes twelve.—Well, well! all is asleep—save the man whose troubled conscience keeps him awake, and—revenge—[He goes to the tower, and knocks.]—Arise, man of sorrow—inhabitant of the tower! Thy feast is ready.

MOOR.

[Starts back trembling.]

What does that mean?

A VOICE [from within the Tower.]

Who knocks here?—Ah! is it you, Herman, my raven?

HERMAN.

It is I—it is Herman, your raven. Come to the grate, and eat. Your companions of the night shriek terribly.—But—You seem to have a good appetite, old man!

THE

THE VOICE.

I am very hungry. Thanks to that good Being who sends his ravens with bread into the wilderness!—And how does my dear child, Herman?

HERMAN.

Silence! Hush! There is a noise as of some one snoring.—Do you hear nothing?

THE VOICE.

How!—Do you hear any thing?

HERMAN.

I hear the wind whistling through the ruins of the Tower—a midnight music which makes one's teeth chatter, and one's knees to knock together.—Hark! again! Still there is a noise as of some one snoring.—You have company, old man! Whu! whu! whu!

THE VOICE.

Do you see any thing?

HERMAN.

Farewell! farewell! The waste is horrible.—Down to your dungeon—your saviour is near! your avenger!—*[He is rushing away.]*

MOOR.

[Boldly stepping forward.]

Stop!

HERMAN, *[Stops.]*

Who's there?

MOOR.

MOOR.

Stop! Speak! Who are you? What brings you here? Speak!

HERMAN.

[Comes forward.]

Certainly—one of his spies!—I fear nothing—
[Aside.] [Draws his sword.]—Defend yourself, rascal! You have a man before you.

MOOR.

[Strikes the sword out of his hand.]

I will have an answer. What means this childish sword play.—Did you speak of revenge? Revenge here belongs to me alone—Who else will interfere?

HERMAN

[Staggers back terrified.]

By Heavens! he was never born of woman! His touch disarms me—it is like death itself.

THE VOICE. [In the Tower.]

Alas! alas! is it you, Herman, who speak there? With whom are you talking, Herman?

MOOR.

Is there any one beneath this place? What is going on here?—[Rushes towards the tower.]—Some dreadful secret lies concealed within this tower—with the sword will I discover all.

HERMAN.

[Approaches, trembling.]

Terrible being! Art thou the accursed goblin of this desert? or art thou one of the infernal

nal ministers of revenge, who go the rounds of this lower world, and review all the dark and dismal deeds of midnight.—Oh! if thou art he, welcome to this tower,

MOOR.

Rightly conjectured! I am the wanderer of the night—the avenging angel. I have flesh and blood as thou hast? Is it a prisoner whom mankind have driven out of society? I will unloose his chains.—Hark! the voice again.—Where is the door?

HERMAN.

As soon might Beelzebub burst the gates of Heaven as thou this door, strong as thou art!—Begone!—The cunning of a rascal can do more than the intellect of a man—*[He points with his sword to the tower.]*

MOOR.

But not more than the craft of a robber—*[He takes out several keys from his pockets.]*—I now thank my God that he has placed me at the head of pickpockets. These keys will mock the foresight of hell—*[He tries one of them, and opens the tower. From the dungeon comes out a shrivelled old man, like a skeleton. Moor shrinks back shocked.]* Dreadful mystery! My father!

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

[*The FOREGOING.* OLD MOOR.]

OLD MOOR.

Thanks to thee, O God! The hour of my deliverance is come.

MOOR.

Spirit of the aged Moor! What has disturbed thee in thy grave? Hast thou dragged after thee into the other world some sin, that bars the door of paradise against thee? I will pray, I will have masses read, to send thy wandering spirit to its home. Hast thou plundered widows and orphans of their gold, who now haunt thee in this midnight hour? I will tear the buried treasure from the claws of the dog of hell, though he should spit a thousand flames upon me, and gnash his horrid teeth at my sword? Or comest thou at my request to unfold the riddles of futurity?—Speak! speak! I am not a man to grow pale with fear.

OLD MOOR.

I am no spirit. Touch me. I live. Oh, what a wretched existence!

MOOR.

MOOR.

What! Hast thou not been buried?

OLD MOOR.

I have been buried; that is, instead of me a dead dog was interred in my father's vault, and I—full three long months, have languished in this dark dismal dungeon, cheered by no enlivening sun-beam—fanned by no warm zephyr—where the night raven croaks, and the screech-owl begets melancholy by her shriekings.

MOOR.

Heaven and hell! Who has done this?

HERMAN.

[With frantic exultation.]

A son!

OLD MOOR.

Do not curse him!

MOOR.

A son!—*[Turning furiously towards Herman]*—Serpent-tongued liar!—A son! Speak but the word son again, and I will plunge ten thousand daggers into thy blaspheming throat! A son?

HERMAN.

And if hell itself should ope its infernal jaws, I must still say—a son!

MOOR.

[Petrified with horror.]

O, eternal chaos!

OLD MOOR.

OLD MOOR.

If thou art a man, and hast the heart of a man—
—Deliverer! whom I know not, oh! hear the
sorrows of a father, brought upon him by his
sons—Three months already I have bewailed
my griefs to these deaf walls: a hollow echo
only has repeated my lamentation. If thou art
a man, and hast the heart of a man—

MOOR.

Oh, this piteous appeal would subdue even
wolves!

OLD MOOR.

I was lying upon my sick bed, had scarcely
recovered my strength after a lingering illness,
when there came a man who told me my eldest
son had fallen in battle, brought me his last fare-
well; and said, that my curse had hunted him to
battle—to despair, and death!—

HERMAN.

It was a lie! a damned lie! That very villain
was I—bought by gold and promises to lull
your enquiries after him, and to kill you by the
melancholy news of his death.

OLD MOOR.

Thou! thou! Oh Heaven!—And was this
an imposition? Was I then deceived?

MOOR.

MOOR.

[*Steps aside with the most violent emotion.*]

Hearest thou this, Moor? Hearest thou this?
It begins to come to light! Oh, it is dreadful!

HERMAN.

Spurn me under foot as a viper! I was his
base accomplice: I suppressed the letters of your
Charles, forged yours, and substituted others of
a more angry and implacable nature. Thus have
they deceived you—thus have they excluded him
from your will, and torn him from your heart.

MOOR.

[*Shuddering with consternation.*]

And for this have I become a robber and murder-
er!—[*Beats his breast and forehead*—Oh, fool!
fool! stupid fool that I am—Villanous deceit!
and for this I have become an incendiary and a
murderer!—[*Walks hastily up and down in a kind of
frenzy.*]

OLD MOOR.

[*Endeavouring to suppress his anger and indignation.*]

Francis! Francis!—Yet I will not curse! And
that I should see nothing!—hear nothing! Woe
to thee, blind old dotard!

MOOR.

[*Stops suddenly.*]

My father immured in a dungeon!—[*Suppress-
ing his feelings.*—I have nothing to be angry at
here—

here—[*To old Moor, with forced composure.*—Proceed.

OLD MOOR.

I fainted at the delivery of the message. They must have supposed me dead, for when I came to myself I was lying still on the bier, and wrapped in a winding sheet as one dead. I beat against the lid of the coffin. It was opened—all around was dark—my son Francis stood before me.—“What?” cried he, with a terrible voice, “wilt thou live for ever?” and immediately shut down the lid again. The terror of these words deprived me of my senses. When I awoke the second time, I felt the coffin lifted from the ground, and conveyed in a waggon about the distance of two miles. At last it was opened. I stood at the entrance of this dungeon, my son before me, and the man who brought me the bloody sword of my Charles. Ten times I embraced his knees, begged and implored—again embraced his knees, and conjured him. The prayer of his father reached not his heart. “Down with the old dotard,” said he, with a voice of thunder, “he has lived long enough.” Mercilessly was I forced down, and my son Francis locked the door upon me.

MOOR.

Impossible! impossible!—You must have deceived yourself.

OLD MOOR.

OLD MOOR.

I may have deceived myself. Hear more, but restrain your rage! Thus I lay for twenty hours, and no human being took thought of my misery. No human footstep broke in upon my solitude, though they say the spirits of my forefathers drag their rattling chains amidst these ruins, and in the dead of night chaunt their funeral songs. At last I heard the door open. This same man brought me some bread and water, and told me that I was condemned to be starved to death, and that his life was in danger if it should be discovered that he supported me. Thus was I wretchedly kept alive a long time, but the incessant frost, the infectious air, my boundless grief!—My strength was exhausted, my body emaciated.—Oh a thousand times did I implore my God with tears to release me; but the measure of my sufferings was not yet filled up, or perhaps some happiness may yet await me, for which I was so wonderfully preserved. But I suffer justly—my Charles! my Charles! he had no grey hairs.

MOOR.

Enough, enough! Rise, ye clods, ye lumps of ice! Up, you idle senseless sleepers!—Up!—Will none of you awake?—*[He fires a pistol over the sleeping ROBBERS.]*

SCENE

SCENE XVIII.

[*The FOREGOING. The ROBBERS start up from their sleep.*]

THE ROBBERS. [*Alarmed.*]

Ah! Holla! holla!—What's the matter here?

MOOR.

And has not this tale roused you from your sleep? Eternal sleep itself would have been awaked.—Look here! look here! The laws of the world depend upon the cast of a die—the band of nature is broken—the ancient contract is no more—The son has killed the father.

THE ROBBERS.

What says the captain?

MOOR.

No! not killed! The word is a palliation of the crime!—The son has racked the father, put him to a thousand deaths, impaled him, tortured him, flayed him alive! Even these words are too soft. That deed at which sin itself must blush, at which the cannibal shudders, such as no devil since the creation of the world has ever attained to—his own father!—The son—Oh, look you here! look you here! he sunk into a swoon—in
that

that tower has the son confined his own father—
cold, nakedness, hunger, thirst! Oh, look!—
Oh, but look!—It is my father—I must confess
it.

THE ROBBERS.

[*Pressing nearer, and surrounding the old man.*]

Thy father! Thy father!

SCHWEIZER.

[*Approaches in a humble posture, and falls down before
him.*]

Father of my captain! I kiss thy feet! com-
mand my dagger.

MOOR.

Revenge! revenge! revenge for thee! thou
dreadfully outraged, sacrilegiously injured old
man! This very moment I tear asunder the ties
of brotherhood for ever—[*He tears his coat from
top to bottom.*—Thus do I curse in the sight of
heaven every drop of my brother's blood with-
in me. Hear me, moon and stars! hear me!
Oh, dark heaven of midnight, that lookest down
upon this dreadful deed! Hear me, thrice tre-
mendous God, who rulest above the moon—thou
who avengest and condemnest on high above the
stars, and spreadest flames of fire over the night!
Here I kneel—here I stretch out my hand in
the dreadful dead of night. Here I swear, and
may Nature cast me forth from her confines as
worse

worse than the vilest brute ; if I break this oath, I swear never to behold the light of day until the blood of this parricide be shed upon these stones, and steam towards heaven!—[*He rises.*]

THE ROBBERS.

It is an infernal act! Who will say we are rogues! no ; by all the devils of burning hell we never have acted a part half so damnable.

MOOR.

Yes; and by all the sad sighs of those who ever died by your weapons—of those whom my conflagration consumed, and the powder-magazine overwhelmed—No thought of murder or of robbery shall find room in your breast till all your clothes are died scarlet in the blood of that cursed wretch. This have you never dreamt, that you should become the avenging arm of the powers of Heaven? The complicated web of our destiny is unravelled! To-day a higher power has ennobled all we have done. Adore him who has vouchsafed you this illustrious employment, who has brought you hither, who has deigned to make you the terrible angels of his mysterious judgment! Uncover your heads! Kneel down in the dust, and rise men set apart for a sacred duty!—[*They kneel down.*]

SCHWEIZER.

Command, captain! What shall we do?

MOOR.

MOOR.

Rise, Schweizer, and touch these venerable locks—[*He conducts him to his father, and puts a lock of his hair into his hand.*]—You remember when once you cleaved asunder the head of a Bohemian horseman, as he was brandishing his sword over me, sunk as I was down upon my knees, breathless and exhausted from excess of fatigue; I then promised you a reward that should be princely. I never yet have been able to discharge that debt.

SCHWEIZER.

That you did swear to me, it is true.—But let me for ever call thee my debtor.

MOOR.

No; now I will repay thee, Schweizer—never has mortal been honoured as thou art now!—Avenge my father!—[*Schweizer rises.*]

SCHWEIZER.

Great captain! To-day, for the first time, thou hast made me proud.—Command—where—how?—When shall I slay him?

MOOR.

The minutes are counted: thou must go quickly. Choose the worthiest of the band, and lead them to the nobleman's castle. Tear him from his bed if he is asleep, or lying in the arms of pleasure—drag him from the feast, if he is intoxicated—drag him from the crucifix, if he is pray-

M

ing

ing before it upon his knees. But mark me: I enjoin you strictly, bring him to me alive. The flesh of that man will I cut in pieces, and give it for food to the hungry vultures, who but scratches his skin, or hurts a hair of his head! I must have him whole and entire; and if thou bringest him whole and alive, thou shalt have a million for thy recompence; I will steal it from kings at the hazard of my life, and thou shalt be free as air.—Thou understandest me—fly!

SCHWEIZER.

Enough, captain! Here is my hand: thou seest either two return, or none. The angel of destruction attend us—[*Exit with a party and HERMAN.*]

MOOR.

Disperse yourselves in the wood. I shall remain here.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

A View of several Apartments.

[FRANCIS, in a night-gown, rushes in, followed by
DANIEL.]

FRANCIS.

Betrayed! betrayed! Spirits rush from their graves! The kingdom of death, let loose from its eternal sleep, thunders in my ears!—Murderer! murderer!—Who is there?

DANIEL. [*Anxiously.*]

Heaven help us! Was it you, my noble master, whose shrieks re-echoed so horribly through the passages, that all started from their beds in the utmost terror?

FRANCIS.

From their beds! Who bids you sleep? No one shall sleep at this hour.—Dost thou hear?

M 2

All

All shall be awake—in arms—every gun shall be charged.—Didst thou not see them lurking about among the trees in yonder avenue?

DANIEL.

Whom, gracious Sir?

FRANCIS.

Whom, blockhead! Whom! so coldly, so indifferently dost thou ask whom? It has seized me like a giddiness—Whom?—Stupid dolt! whom? Ghosts and devils!—What is the hour of the night?

DANIEL.

The watchman has just called two.

FRANCIS.

What! will this night last till doomsday? Hearest thou no tumult near? No cries of victory? no trampling of horses? Where is *Char—*, the Count, I would say?

DANIEL.

I know not, master.

FRANCIS.

Thou knowest not? Thou too art one of this gang? I will stamp thy heart through thy ribs! with your damned I know not!—What? Heaven! hell! all conspire against me?

DANIEL.

My master!

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

No! I do not tremble! it was merely a dream. The dead do not rise yet:—Who says that I tremble and look pale? No, no! I am calm—quite at my ease.

DANIEL.

You are pale as death, your voice is hollow and faltering.

FRANCIS.

I have something of a fever: I will be let blood to-morrow.

DANIEL.

You are extremely ill.

FRANCIS.

Yes, indeed—indeed! that is all—and illness destroys the brain, produces strange and maddening dreams.—But what are dreams—Is it not true, Daniel? Dreams arise merely from indigestion—they signify nothing: I had a horrid dream—*[He sinks down in a swoon.]*

DANIEL.

Heavens! what is this! George! Conrad! Bastian! Martin! Shew but one sign of life!—*[Shakes him.]*—Preserve but your reason! it will be said I have murdered him. Lord have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS. *[Disturbed.]*

Away! begone! Why dost thou shake me thus, horrible skeleton? The dead rise not yet.

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

Oh, eternal goodness! he has lost his reason,

FRANCIS.

[Raisés himself faintly.]

Where am I?—Is it thee, Daniel? What have I said? Regard it not! I have spoken a lie, be it what it will.—Come, help me up! it was but a fit of giddiness—because I—because I have not had my sleep out.

DANIEL.

I must call for assistance: I will call physicians,

FRANCIS.

Stay. Sit down here upon this sofa—So—Thou art a discreet—a good man. Let me relate it to thee.

DANIEL.

Not yet; another time. I will take you to bed. Rest is best for you.

FRANCIS.

No, I pray thee, let me talk to thee, and do thou laugh heartily at me. Hark! methought I gave a princely banquet, my heart was full of joy; and, as I was revelling in voluptuousness on the grassy banks of the castle garden, suddenly—suddenly—But I tell thee, laugh thou heartily at me.

DANIEL.

Suddenly.

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

Suddenly a monstrous clap of thunder struck my astonished ear ; trembling I started up, and behold it appeared to me as if the whole horizon had burst forth into a blaze, and mountains, cities, and forests, melted as they had been in a furnace. A howling blast of wind rushed o'er the agitated billows of the sea, the heaven, and the earth.

DANIEL.

That's indeed a living picture of the day of judgment.

FRANCIS.

Pshaw ! Is ^{it} ~~is~~ not absurd nonsense ? There came forward ONE who had in his hand a brazen balance, which he held between east and west, and said—"Approach, ye children of the dust ; I weigh your thoughts."

DANIEL.

God have mercy upon me !

FRANCIS.

All stood aghast and pale as snow, expectation beat anxiously in every breast, when methought I heard a voice amidst the storm pronounce my name ; the marrow congealed within my bones, and my teeth chattered with horror.

DANIEL.

Oh, God forgive you !

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

That he never can!—Behold quickly there appeared a venerable old man, bent down with sorrow, his arm gnawn through hunger; all eyes turned away in disgust from the view of him—I knew him. He cut off one of his venerable silver locks, and threw it away from him—away! At this moment I heard a voice sound from the darkest part of the rock—“Pardon! pardon to every sinner on the earth and under the earth! thou alone art rejected!”—[*a deep pause.*]—Well, why do you not laugh?

DANIEL.

Can I laugh, when all my powers of sense shudder thus? Dreams come from God.

FRANCIS.

Pshaw! pshaw! don't say that! Call me a fool, a child, an idiot! Do so, dear Daniel, I entreat you, but laugh at me!

DANIEL.

Dreams come from God. I will pray for you.
[*Exit.*]

FRANCIS.

Vulgar superstition! vulgar stupidity! It is not yet determined whether there be a future state, whether or not there be a searching eye above the stars.—Ah! what! Who inspired me with that thought?—Is there an avenger on high?

No,

No, no!—Yes, yes! frightfully they hiss around me like serpents: “There is one above the stars who judgeth?”—What! to meet this great avenger this very night! No, do I say!—Miserable subterfuge! behind which thy cowardice would hide itself—Desert, and solitary, and inanimate is all above us—But should there after all yet be a something?—No, no, there is not! I will have it so, there is not!—But if indeed there be?—Woe to me if my actions should be called over before the judge this very night!—Why do I shudder thus?—To die! why does this word torment me? To give an account to the judge who sits on high—and if he be just—Ah! if he be just!

SCENE II.

Enter a FOOTMAN, hastily.

FOOTMAN.

Amelia has escaped, and the Count has suddenly disappeared.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter DANIEL, in great agitation.

DANIEL.

My gracious lord, a troop of horsemen are galloping up the path-way, crying Murder ! murder ! The whole village is in alarm.

FRANCIS.

Go ; let all the bells be chimed ; let all to church ; let all fall upon their knees to pray for me. All prisoners shall be liberated. I will restore to the poor double and threefold ; I will—Go then—Call the confessor, that he may absolve me of my sins.—Art thou not yet gone?—[*The tumult increases.*]

DANIEL.

God forgive me my sins ! What am I to make of all this ? You have heretofore constantly scorned the very thought of prayer, you have often said to me—

FRANCIS.

No more of that—To die ! Seest thou ? To die ! It is too late—[*SCHWEIZER is heard shouting.*—Pray, then, pray !

DANIEL.

DANIEL.

I always told you, you despised prayer too much; but take heed! take heed! when trouble comes upon us,—when the soul is overwhelmed within us—

SCHWEIZER [*Without.*]

Storm! kill! break in! I see light; he must be there.

FRANCIS.

[*Upon his knees.*]

Hear my prayers, God in Heaven! It is the first time. God in Heaven, hear me!

SCHWEIZER, [*Still without.*]

Beat them down, comrades! it is the devil from hell, and will seize your master.—Where is the demon with all his party?—Surround the castle, Grim! scale the rampart!

GRIM.

Bring fire-brands.—We'll up, whilst you watch his coming down.—Let us set his apartments in flames!

FRANCIS.

I have been no common murderer, my God! I have not committed petty crimes, gracious God!

DANIEL.

God have mercy upon us! His very prayers become sins—[*They throw stones and fire-brands, The windows are broken.*]

FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

I cannot pray.—Here, here!—[*Beating his breast and forehead.*]—All my hopes are blasted : all is lost—[*Rises.*]—I will pray no more.

DANIEL.

Jesus Maria! Help—save—the whole castle is in flames!

FRANCIS.

Here, take this sword ; plunge it into my body, that these villains may not treat me with scorn and derision—[*The fire increases.*]

DANIEL.

Hold ! hold ! I will send no one before his time to heaven, far less to ———[*He runs off.*]

SCENE IV.

[FRANCIS follows him with a ghastly grin : after a pause.]

FRANCIS.

To hell thou wouldst have said !—Alas ! I perceive something like it.—Are these the cries of hell? Do I hear you, ye hissing serpents of hell? Hark ! they are pressing up the stairs—they are surrounding the door. Why do I tremble thus before

before this pointed sword?—Ha! the door falls in—bursts open—inevitable—*[He leaps into the flames. The pursuing robbers press upon him.]*

SCENE V.

SCENE the same as at the end of the Fourth Act.

[The old Count MOOR sitting upon a stone, CHARLES MOOR opposite to him—ROBBERS dispersed in the wood.]

MOOR.

Was he dear to you? Your other son?

OLD MOOR.

Thou knowest it, heaven!—Ah! why did I suffer myself to be deceived by the cunning of an abandoned son? I was envied by every father. My children bloomed around me full of hope; but—Oh the unhappy hour! the evil demon entered into the heart of my second son—I confided in the serpent—I lost both my children!—*[Covers his face—Charles Moor goes to some distance from him.]*

OLD MOOR.

Oh! deeply do I feel the words of Amelia; the spirit of vengeance spoke by her lips: “In

vain wilt thou stretch out thy dying hands to embrace thy son ; in vain wilt thou hope to grasp the warm hand of thy Charles ; he will never more stand before thee."—[*Charles Moor stretches out his hand to him, his face turned away.*]—Oh that it were the hand of my Charles!—But he lies buried in a distant country, he sleeps the sleep of death ! No more will he hear the voice of my complaining ! Oh how miserable to die in the arms of a stranger—without a son—without a son to close my eyes !

MOOR.

[*In the greatest agitation.*]

It must be so—now—leave me—[*to the Robbers*]-and yet—Am I able to give him back his son ? I cannot give him back his son—No, I will not do it.

OLD MOOR.

How, friend ! Didst thou not murmur something to thyself ?

MOOR.

Your son—yes, old man !—[*Stammering*]-your son—is—lost for ever.

OLD MOOR.

For ever !

MOOR.

[*In dreadful agony.*]

Oh ! for this time only—Let not my soul fail me. Support me but this once.

OLD

OLD MOOR.

For ever, sayest thou?

MOOR.

Ask no more. I said for ever.

OLD MOOR.

Stranger! stranger! Why didst thou take me from my dungeon?

MOOR.

What!—[*aside.*]—Could I now but steal his blessing—steal it like a thief, and escape with the heavenly booty—[*Falls down before him.*]—I have burst the bars of your dungeon—Embrace me, divine old man!

OLD MOOR.

[*Presses him against his heart.*]

Oh, would it were a father's kiss! I will think I salute my Charles!—Canst thou weep too?

MOOR.

[*Extremely agitated.*]

I thought it was a father's kiss—[*Falls on his neck. A pause. They hear a confused noise, and perceive the light of torches. Charles Moor springs up.*]—Hark! vengeance calls! they come!—[*He looks earnestly on the old man, then casts his eyes upward.*]—Inspire me with all the tiger's rage, thou suffering lamb; I will bring thee a sacrifice that shall darken the glittering stars above, and benumb all nature with a death-like horror—[*Torches appear—*

appear—the tumult approaches—repeated pistol shots are heard.]

OLD MOOR.

Alas! Oh, heavens! what is that inexpressible noise?—Does it proceed from the hirelings of my son Francis? Will they drag me from the dungeon to the scaffold?

MOOR.

[In a posture of prayer with great fervency.]

Hear the prayer of an incendiary, thou avenger in Heaven! Let him be immortal. Let him not perish under the first stroke. Let every drop of blood that flows from his heart be nectar to me—every wound of my sword a source of delight!"

OLD MOOR.

Alas! what dost thou mutter, stranger? 'Tis horrible! 'tis horrible!

MOOR.

I am praying—*[A noise as of the Robbers approaching.]*

OLD MOOR.

Oh! remember my Francis in your prayers—

MOOR.

[With suppressed rage.]

I do remember him.

OLD MOOR.

But is that the tone of prayer? Cease, cease! I shudder at your piety.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[Enter SCHWEIZER with a party of the Robbers ;
FRANCIS MOOR in chains in the midst of them.]

SCHWEIZER.

Triumph, captain!—Here is the villain—I have kept my word.

GRIMM.

We dragged him from the flames of his castle,
and routed his vassals.

KOSINSKY.

His castle is in flames behind him—the memory of his name is no more—[A dismal pause upon the stage. Charles Moor comes slowly forward.]

MOOR.

[To Francis, in a hollow voice.]

Dost thou know me?—[Francis stands with his eyes fixed on the ground, and makes no answer.]

MOOR.

[Leads him to his father.]

Dost thou know this man?

N

FRANCIS!

FRANCIS MOOR.

[Staggers back thunderstruck.]

God of Heaven! crush me!—My father!

OLD MOOR.

[Turns away shuddering.]

Go, God forgive thee! I forget it.

MOOR.

[With stern severity.]

May my curse hang heavy on thy prayer, and
 clog its flight to the Almighty!—Dost thou know
 this tower too?

FRANCIS MOOR.

[Fiercely to Herman.]

What! monster! Did thy spite against my
 family pursue my father to this tower?

HERMAN.

Bravo! bravo! what devil is so abandoned as
 to desert his vassal at the last extremity!

MOOR.

Enough. Conduct this old man deeper into
 the wood. I want not a father's tears to excite
 me to what I am now about to do—*[They lead the
 Old Count Moor, who is in a state of insensibility, off the
 stage.]*—Come nearer, banditti!—*[They form a
 half circle, and lean shuddering on their arms]*—It is
 well. Let not a word be uttered—may I hope
 for forgiveness, the man that moves his lips be-
 fore I command, shall receive the contents of this
 pistol—Silence!

FRANCIS

FRANCIS MOOR.

[To Herman, in a transport of rage.]

Ha! villain! Oh that I could spit poison upon thee! This is indeed bitter!—*[Weeping with rage, and biting his chains.]*

MOOR.

[With great dignity.]

Here I stand an accomplisher of the judgments of God. I have to try a cause of which no earthly judge can take cognizance. Sinners sit upon the judgment-seat, and I, the greatest among them,—Cast lots with your daggers: he that in comparison with this man is not pure as a saint, let him quit the ground, and break his dagger as a token!—Throw down your daggers!—*[The Robbers all throw down their daggers unbroken. To FRANCIS.]*—Be proud! thou hast this day made angels of criminals!—Still is one dagger missing—*[He draws his own. A grand pause.]*—His mother was mine—*[To Kosinsky and Schweizer.]*—Be you the judge!—*[He breaks his dagger, and steps aside much agitated.]*

SCHWEIZER. *[After a pause.]*

Why do we stand here like school-boys, and rack our brains for inventions? So rich is life in variety of pleasures, and death so poor in tortures! *[Stamping on the ground.]*—Do thou speak! I am puzzled.

KOSINSKY.

Think on that hoary-head!—Look but at that tower, and be animated. I am but a scholar—Shame on thee, master!

SCHWEIZER.

Though I am grown grey in scenes of horror, I shall be as poor as a beggar in this.—Did he not commit the crime in this tower? Do we not pronounce sentence upon deeds done in this tower?—Down with him! In this dungeon let him rot alive!

THE ROBBERS. [*With one voice.*]

Down! down with him!—[*They rush upon Francis.*]

FRANCIS MOOR.

[*Springing into his brother's arms.*]

Save me from the claws of these murderers! Save me, brother!

MOOR. [*Very seriously.*]

It is you that have made me their leader!—[*Francis staggers back terrified.*—Will you still in-treat me?

THE ROBBERS.

[*The tumult increases.*]

Down! down!

MOOR.

[*Approaches him with dignity and grief.*]

Son of my father! thou hast bereft me of heaven. May this sin be removed from thy head.—

As

As a son, the torments of hell await thee!—I forgive thee, brother!—*[He embraces him, and hastens from the stage. Francis is thrown down into the dungeon, amidst the loud exultations of the Robbers.]*

MOOR.

[Returns in deep thought.]

It is accomplished! I thank thee, Ruler of all things! it is accomplished!—*[Deeply meditating.]*
 IS THIS TOWER THE GOAL TO WHICH THOU HAST LED ME THROUGH WAYS FULL OF BLOOD? AM I BECOME THE CHIEF OF SINNERS? Eternal Providence! here I shudder—and adore! In thee I trust; and having gone thus far, I now desist. The warrior falls with the greatest glory in the midst of victory—On this calm evening will I perish! Bring my father to me!—*[Some of the Robbers bring the old Count.]*

OLD MOOR,

Whither do you lead me? Where is my son Francis?

MOOR.

[With dignified composure.]

Planets and grains of sand have their allotted places in the creation—your son has his. Be still; sit down.

OLD MOOR.

[Bursts into tears.]

Have I then no child! no child left!

MOOR.

MOOR.

Be still; sit down.

OLD MOOR.

Oh barbarous kindness! thus to drag a dying old man from the dungeon—to greet him with these words: “Thy children are butchered!” I beseech you, complete your mercy, and thrust me again into my cell.

MOOR.

[Seizes his hand with warmth, and raises it towards Heaven.]

Blaspheme not, old man! blaspheme not God, before whom I now pray with increased confidence. To-day the greatest criminals have approached the throne of mercy.

OLD MOOR. *[Sternly.]*

And have learned to assassinate!

MOOR. *[Angrily.]*

Grey-beard! no more—*[More mildly, and with sorrow.]*—When God himself reclaims sinners, should saints reject them? And where would you find words with which you might address him, if this day he should BAPTIZE FOR THEE A SON?

OLD MOOR.

[With a tone of anguish.]

Do you then baptize this day with blood?

MOOR. *[Murmuring.]*

How sayst thou? Does despair speak the truth? Yes, old man, with blood can Providence baptize

tize—with blood has he this day baptized you a son. His ways are strange and awful, but they lead to tears of joy.

OLD MOOR.

Where shall I weep them?

MOOR.

[*Throwing himself into his arms.*]

On the bosom of thy Charles!

OLD MOOR. [*In extasy.*]

My Charles lives!

MOOR.

Your Charles lives! commissioned to be your saviour, your avenger!—[*Pointing towards the tower.*—Thus has your favourite son rewarded you—it is thus—[*He presses him more closely to his breast.*—Your lost son avenges himself!

THE ROBBERS.

There are people in the wood.—Hark! Do you not hear their voices?

MOOR. [*Starts up.*]

Call the rest of the band—[*Exeunt ROBBERS. CHARLES MOOR to himself.*—It is time, my soul—Away with the cup of pleasure, ere it poisons.

OLD MOOR.

Are these men your friends? their very looks terrify me!

MOOR.

All, my father!—Ask me not that question.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

[Enter AMELIA with dishevelled hair; the whole band follow her, and range themselves in the back ground.]

AMELIA.

The dead, they say, arise at his summons—My uncle lives—from this tower.—Charles! uncle! where shall I find you?

MOOR.

[Shuddering back.]

Who brings that picture before my eyes?

OLD MOOR.

[Rises trembling.]

Amelia! my niece! Amelia!

AMELIA.

[Rushes into the arms of the Old Count.]

Thee again, my father—and my Charles—my all!

OLD MOOR.

My Charles alive—Thou—I—all alive! all! my Charles lives!

MOOR.

[To the band with vehemence.]

Brothers! away! The devil has betrayed me!

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[Springs from the old Count, and rushes into the arms of Charles Moor.]

I hold him! Oh Heavens! I hold him!

MOOR.

Tear her from my neck!—Murder her! murder him! me! you! all! Let the whole world perish!

AMELIA.

My beloved! my beloved! Thou art mad!—Ha! he is in ecstasy—in the midst of happiness! Why am I thus insensible? Why in the midst of bliss unutterable am I thus unmoved?

OLD MOOR.

Come, my children! Thy hand, Charles—Thine, Amelia. I never hoped for such happiness on this side the grave! I will unite them for ever.

AMELIA.

For ever his! for ever! for ever! mine for ever! Oh ye powers of Heaven! Free me from this destroying ecstasy—I shall perish beneath its weight!

MOOR.

[Tearing himself from Amelia.]

Away! away! unhappiest of brides!—Behold thyself! examine thyself!—Hear!—Most wretched of fathers! I must fly from you for ever.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Where! what! Oh, my love! an eternal, never-ending bliss awaits us, and thou fliest!

OLD MOOR.

Can my son forsake us? my son forsake us!

MOOR.

'Tis too late! 'tis in vain!—Your curse, father!—Ask me no more questions—your premeditated curse!—*[firmly.]*—Perish then, my Amelia! perish my father a second time by my hand! These your deliverers are robbers and murderers! your son is—their captain!

OLD MOOR.

Oh God! my children!—*[He dies.]*

AMELIA.

[Thunderstruck. The whole band preserve a dreadful silence.]

MOOR. *[In despair.]*

The souls of those whom I have murdered in the bed of love—those whom I have massacred in their sweet slumber—those—Ha, ha, ha! Do you hear the powder-magazine burst over the habitations of women in labour? Do you see the flames surround the cradles of infants? There is my bridal-torch! there my nuptial song! Oh! he forgets not—he knows how to admonish! Away, then—away from me delights of love! Love is to me—a punishment! it is retribution!

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

[Recovering from her astonishment.]

It is true! thou ruler of Heaven! He says true! What have I done, I was innocent and pure—I have loved THIS MAN!

MOOR.

This is more than a man can bear. I have heard the sound of death from more than ten thousand musquets, and never flinched, and shall I now learn to tremble like a woman? tremble before a woman?—No! a woman shall never shake my courage—Blood! blood! This tenderness will pass away. I must drink blood—and then bid defiance to the tyrant Destiny—*[He is going.]*

AMELIA.

[Falls into his arms.]

Murderer! ^{or} Devil! I cannot leave thee; my angel!

MOOR.

[Stands astonished.]

Am I in a dream? Do I rave? Has hell invented new artifices to play its game upon me? She embraces the neck of a murderer and an incendiary!

AMELIA.

For ever—inseparable!

MOOR

MOOR.

Still she loves me! still!—I am pure as light! She loves me with all my sins!—[*Melting in transport.*]—The children of light weep over pardoned sinners—Here let the serpents of the furies die—Hell has lost its terrors—I am again happy!—[*Hides his face in her bosom—all appear greatly moved—a pause.*]

GRIMM.

[*Coming forward in a rage.*]

Stop, traitor! let go that arm, or I will speak a word to you that shall make your ears ring and appal thy very soul!

SCHWEIZER.

[*Stretches his sword between both.*]

Think on the Bohemian forests! Dost thou hear? Dost thou shudder? Thou shalt think on the Bohemian forests. Perfidious wretch!—where are thy oaths? Dost thou so easily forget our wounds, while we sacrificed for you—happiness, honour, and life!—whilst we stood like pillars. Didst thou not then stretch out thy hand, and swear a sacred oath? Didst thou not swear never to abandon us, if we never abandoned thee? Base! perfidious wretch! and wilt thou turn apostate, because a woman weeps?

THE ROBBERS.

[*Opening their breasts.*]

Look here! look! Dost thou know these wounds? with our own heart-blood we have bought

bought thee as our slave—Thou art ours, though the Archangel Michael should fight with Moloch for you! Along with us! sacrifice for sacrifice! love for faith! a woman for the band!

MOOR.

[Looses himself from Amelia.]

It is over. I would return and go to my father, but Heaven says, No!—Do not roll thy eyes so, Amelia!—he does not want me. Has he not creatures enough? Can he miss *one* so easily? That *one* am I.—Come, comrades.—*[He turns towards the band.]*

AMELIA.

[Pulling him back.]

Stop! stop! one blow! one deadly blow! *[Again abandoned!]*—Draw thy sword, and have pity.

MOOR.

Pity is fled to the beasts of the forest. I will not kill thee.

AMELIA.

[Embracing his knees.]

Oh, for God's! for mercy's sake! I will think no more of love—I know we are curst by fate—Death is now my only request.—See! my hand shakes. I have no courage to give the blow. I am afraid of the glittering blade. For thee it is so easy, inured as thou art to death. Draw thy sword, and I am happy.

MOOR.

MOOR. [*Firmly.*]
Wouldst thou be happy alone?—Away! I cannot kill a woman.

AMELIA.
Ha! affassin! Thou canst only slay the happy, whilst thou grantest life to those that are wearied of it—[*Implores the band.*—Then do ye take pity upon me, ye disciples of slaughter. There is a blood-thirsty compassion in your very looks that is a consolation to the wretched. Dispatch!—Your master is a cowardly boaster—[*Some of the Robbers present their pieces at her.*]

MOOR. [*Furiously.*]
Back, monsters!—[*He steps between them.*—Let no one venture to violate my sanctuary! She is mine—[*Raises her in his arms.*—And now let heaven and hell combine their powers to force her from my arms—love prevails over oaths—[*He lifts her from the ground, and shows her to the whole band with some degree of composure.*—What nature unites who dares to separate?

THE ROBBERS.

[*Presenting their pieces.*]

We.

MOOR.

[*With a contemptuous smile.*]

Feeble wretches!—[*He places Amelia, who is almost lifeless, upon the ground.*—Look up, my betrothed! the benediction of a priest will never unite

unite us—But I know what's better—[*Takes off Amelia's handkerchief, and exposes her neck; then speaks to the band in a milder voice.*—Gaze upon this beauty, villains!—[*Tenderly and sorrowfully.*—Does it not melt you, ye banditti?—[*After a pause, with increasing tenderness.*—Look at me, villains—I am young, and I love—Here am I beloved—adored. I have reached the gate of paradise—[*In a soft and supplicating voice.*—Shall my brethren tear me back?—[*The ROBBERS laugh aloud. Moor continues with firmness.*—Sufficient! Thus far nature! Now begins the man!—I, too, am one of you, ye murderers, and—[*with dignity*—your captain! Is it with the sword you demand right from your captain, ye banditti?—[*with a commanding voice.*—Down with your arms! Your master speaks to you.

[*The Robbers throw their arms to the ground terrified.*]

MOOR.

Behold! now you are no more than infants, and I—am free. Moor must be free, if he will be great. This triumph is worth an elysium of love. [*He draws his sword.*—Do not call that madness which you have not the soul to call greatness.—The feelings of despair soar above the groveling dictates of tranquil wisdom. On deeds such as these, we pause and consider before we commit them. I will speak of it afterwards—[*He rushes*

towards *Amelia*, and plunges his sword into her breast.]

THE ROBBERS.

[Clapping their hands furiously.]

Bravo! bravo! That is rescuing his honour like a Prince of Robbers!—Bravo!

MOOR.

[Remains before *Amelia*, and guards her with his drawn sword.]

Now she is mine!—mine!—or eternity is the caprice of a fool. Married with the sword, I have led home my bride in spite of the opposition of my enemy—[Walks proudly from her.]—Many a revolution shall the earth make round the sun, before he shall behold a second deed like this—[Tenderly to *Amelia*.]—This death from the hands of thy beloved—thy betrothed—was it not sweet, my *Amelia*?

AMELIA. [Dying.]

O most sweet!—[She stretches out her hand, and dies.]

MOOR. [To the band.]

Now, ye miserable felons! did your villanous demands ever soar thus high? A life you have sacrificed for me—a life which was already worthless—a life full of disgrace and infamy. I have butchered for you an angel—[Throws his sword among them with contempt.]—Banditti! we have done with each other. This corpse dissolves my

agreement with you, and I release you from your part of the contract.

THE ROBBERS.

[*Pressing round him.*]

Thy slaves till death.

MOOR.

No, no, no! we have done. "My genius whispers softly—" Go no further, Moor—here must be thy boundary: thus far could nature go:—here her career is stopt."—Take back this bloody cockade—[*He throws his cockade upon the ground*].—He that wishes to be captain after me, let him take it up.

THE ROBBERS.

Oh, how cowardly! Where are all your high-towering plans? They were only bubbles, burst by the dying struggles of a woman.

MOOR. [*With dignity.*]

Inquire not into my designs; this is my last command.—Come! form a circle around me, and attend to the will of your dying captain—[*He surveys the band attentively.*].—You have all been faithful to me—faithful beyond example. If virtue had bound you thus together instead of iniquity, you had been heroes, and men would have spoken of you with exultation. Go, and dedicate your services to the state. Serve a king who fights for the rights of mankind: with this blessing I dismiss you—[*To Schweizer and Kofinsky.*].—Do

O

you

you stay—[*Exeunt the other ROBBERS slowly and with signs of emotion.*]

SCENE VIII.

MOOR, SCHWEIZER, KOSINSKY.]

MOOR.

Give me your right hand, Kosinsky, and you, Schweizer, your left—[*He takes their hands, and goes between them—To KOSINSKY,*—Young man, thou art still uncorrupted, guiltless alone among the guilty.—[*To SCHWEIZER.*—Deeply have I bathed this hand in blood—I have done it—With this grasp I take back what belongs to me.—Schweizer, you are pure—[*He lifts up their hands with earnestness towards heaven.*—Father of heaven! Here I give them back to thee—they will cling to thee more firmly than if they had never fallen—I am assured of this—[*Schweizer and ^{Kosinsky} ~~Roller~~ fall upon each other's neck.*—Not yet, not yet, my beloved friends. Spare my courage in this avenging hour! The title of Count, with an inheritance, has this day fallen to my lot—a treasure on which no curse has yet fallen. Divide it between you, my children: become good citizens; and if for ten, whom I have destroyed, you make but one

one happy, my soul will be saved.—Go, now, farewell! we shall meet again in another world—perhaps not.—Begone! quick! before my courage fails me.

[Exeunt both with their faces covered.]

SCENE IX.

MOOR.

[Alone—very calm.]

And I too am a good citizen. What law is so terrible as that which I have obeyed? What vengeance or atonement of offence can be like to mine? Be my fate fulfilled! I remember, that on my road hither, I spoke to a poor man who worked for his daily sustenance, and had eleven naked and uneducated children.—A thousand ducats have been offered to whoever shall deliver up alive the ROBBER MOOR. This poor man shall have it.

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